10c MASTER COMICS

APRIL No

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A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

CAPTAIN MARVEL JUNIOR SMASHES JAP INVASION

A Real Scene From This Issue!

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AMERICA'S GREATEST COMICS NO. 2

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CAPT. MARVEL, BULLETMAN, SPY SMASHER
MINUTE MAN, MR. SCARLET!

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I'LL FIX YOUR FACE...

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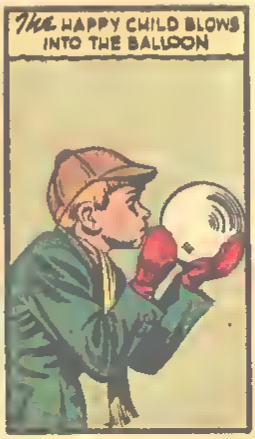
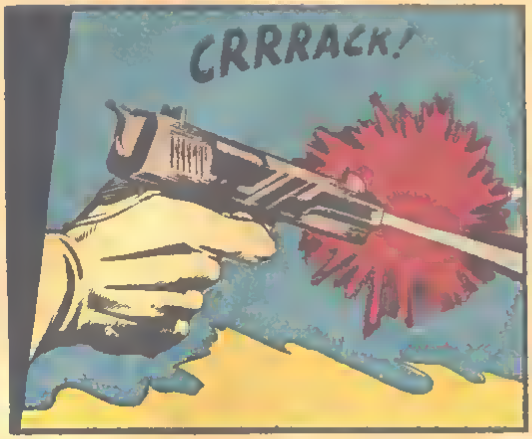
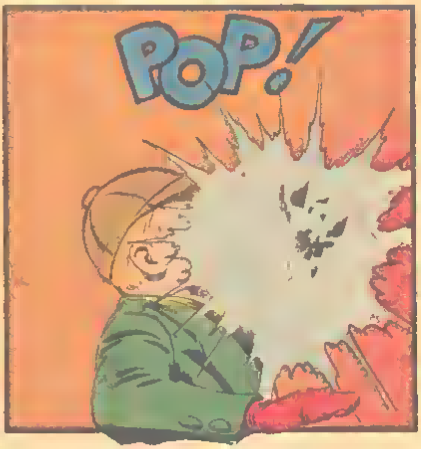
Capt. Marvel Jr.

THE CASE OF THE FACE IN THE DARK!

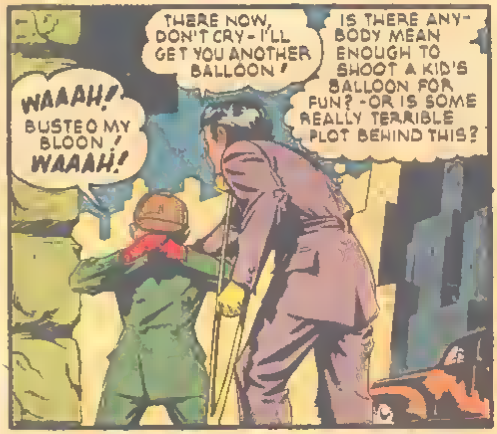
Dear Diary,
The most amazing thing happened to-day I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it myself! I was standing at the corner, selling the papers, when...



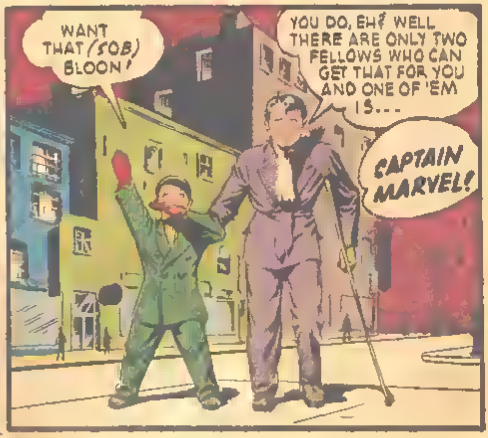

CRRRACK!


POP!

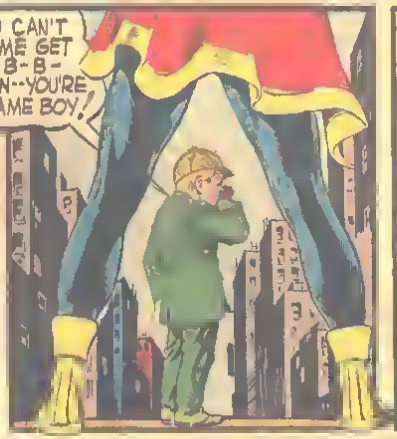
THE WHINING BULLET BARELY MISSES FREDDY FREEMAN, CRIPPLED NEWSBOY!
HEY! WHA?

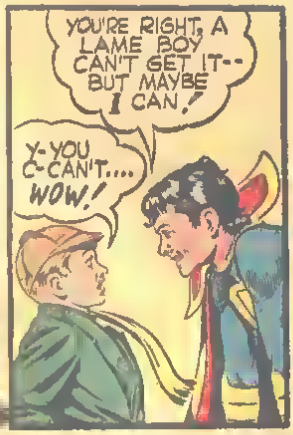

WAAAH! BUSTED MY BLOON! WAAAH!
THERE NOW, DON'T CRY - I'LL GET YOU ANOTHER BALLOON!
IS THERE ANYBODY MEAN ENOUGH TO SHOOT A KID'S BALLOON FOR FUN? - OR IS SOME REALLY TERRIBLE PLOT BEHIND THIS?

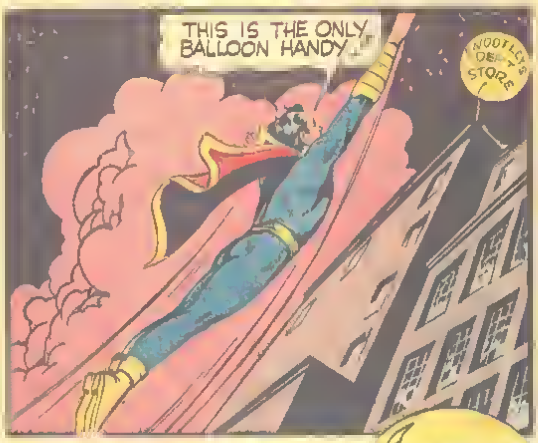
WHOEVER IT WAS HAS DISAPPEARED!
WAAAH! WANT MORE BLOON!


WANT THAT (SOB) BLOON!
YOU DO, EH? WELL THERE ARE ONLY TWO FELLOWS WHO CAN GET THAT FOR YOU AND ONE OF 'EM IS...
CAPTAIN MARVEL!

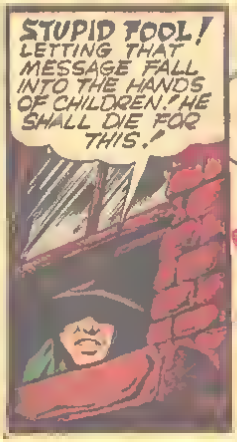
BOOM


Y-YOU CAN'T HELP ME GET THAT B-B-BLOON--YOU'RE A LAME BOY!

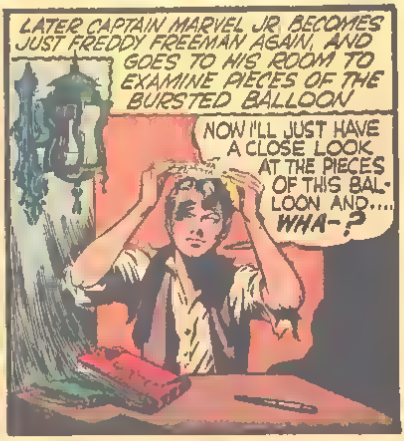

YOU'RE RIGHT, A LAME BOY CAN'T GET IT--BUT MAYBE I CAN!
Y-YOU C-CAN'T.... WOW!


THIS IS THE ONLY BALLOON HANDY!
SNOOTLEY'S DEP'T STORE

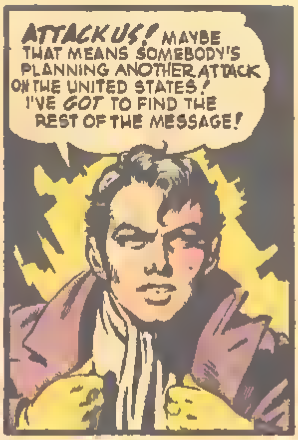
SNO DEP'
HERE, KIDDO!
BLOON! BLOON! BIG BLOON FOR ME!


STUPID FOOL! LETTING THAT MESSAGE FALL INTO THE HANDS OF CHILDREN! HE SHALL DIE FOR THIS!

SNOOTLEY'S DEP'T STORE
OH BOY! YOU MY FRIEND!


LATER CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. BECOMES JUST FREDDY FREEMAN AGAIN, AND GOES TO HIS ROOM TO EXAMINE PIECES OF THE BURSTED BALLOON
NOW I'LL JUST HAVE A CLOSE LOOK AT THE PIECES OF THIS BALLOON AND.... WHA-?

BLAST ATTACK US


ATTACK US! MAYBE THAT MEANS SOMEBODY'S PLANNING ANOTHER ATTACK ON THE UNITED STATES! I'VE GOT TO FIND THE REST OF THE MESSAGE!

THE MISSING PIECE MUST STILL BE ON THE SIDEWALK. I'VE GOT TO GET IT!

BUT FREDDY FINDS SOMEONE ELSE ALSO INTERESTED IN THE TOY BALLOON
BLAST THOSE KIDS- THEY MUST HAVE PICKED UP THE PIECES.

SO, SOMEBODY BEAT ME TO IT! WELL TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME I'LL CALL ON CAPTAIN MARVEL!

BOOM

LOSE SOMETHING, MISTER?
ULP!

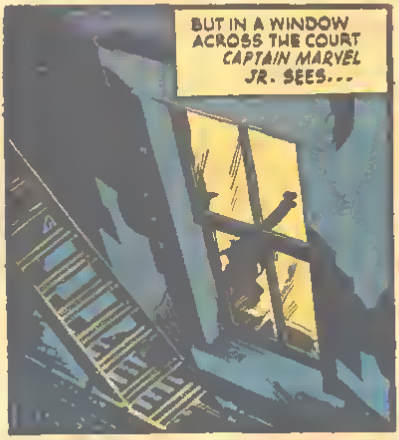
WELL?
UH! OH! ER...

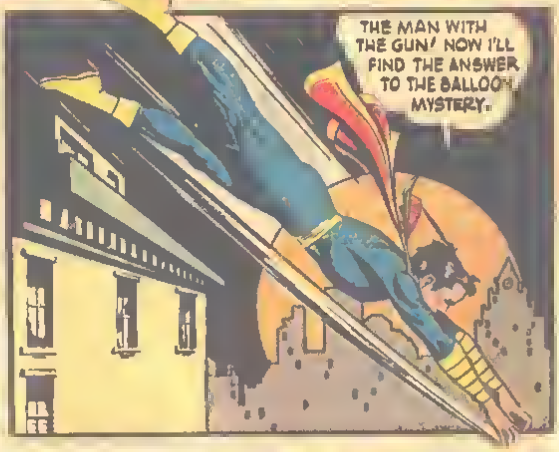
I WAS JUST LOOKING FOR MONEY I LOST. I JUST FOUND IT!
WAS IT RUBBER MONEY?
I'VE HEARD OF RUBBER CHECKS BUT I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT RUBBER MONEY!
WHA?
GULP
HEY! YOU'LL GET INDIGESTION!
SWALLOWED IT, EH? WELL, YOU'LL TELL ME WHAT WAS ON IT!
NOW, TALK! OR DOWN YOU GO!
NO! NO! LEMME DOWN- I'LL TELL...
IT WAS A BALLOON. THE MESSAGE ON IT SAID...
JUST AS THE MAN IS ABOUT TO TELL....

SPEAK UP, MISTER! WHY HE'S SHOT!

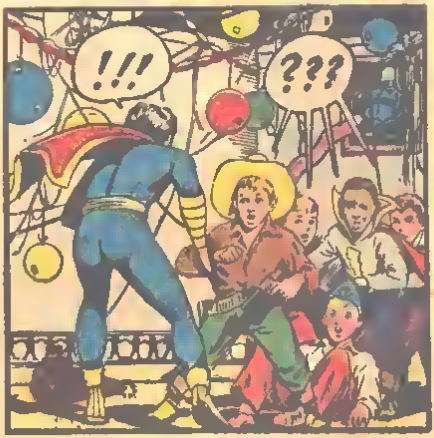
WHOEVER SHOT HIM USED A SILENCER - AND IT WAS A SILENCER!

THE SHOT CAME FROM OVER HERE - BUT I DON'T SEE ANY - WHAT'S THAT?

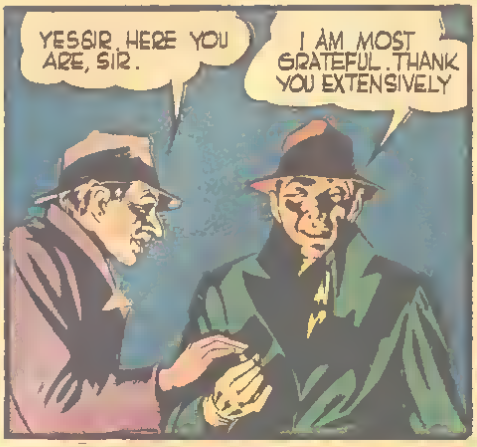

BUT IN A WINDOW ACROSS THE COURT CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. SEES...


THE MAN WITH THE GUN! NOW I'LL FIND THE ANSWER TO THE BALLOON MYSTERY.

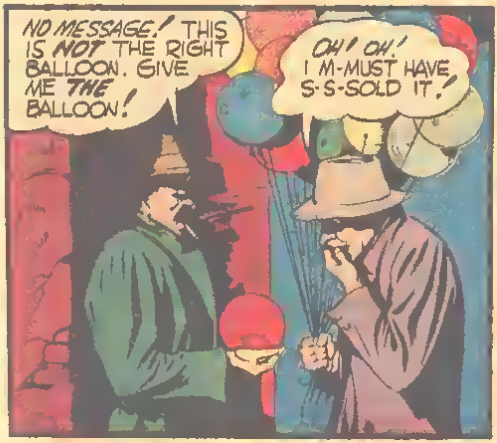
DROP THAT GUN!

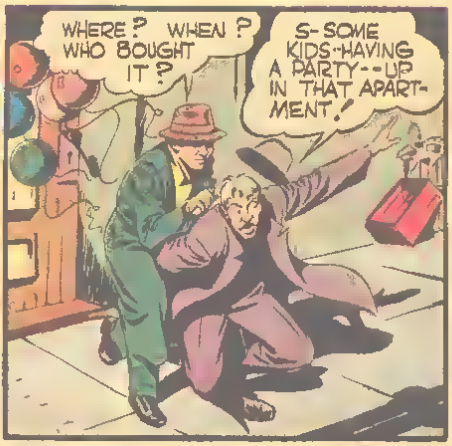

!!!
???

YOU'RE REALLY CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.
YES, BUT I'M AFRAID I MISTOOK YOU FOR SOMEONE ELSE.
JEEPERS CREEPERS!
HAVE FUN, KIDS, BUT I'VE GOT TO CATCH A KILLER.
WISHT YOU COULD STAY---YOU MIGHT WIN ONE OF OUR BLOON PRIZES.
HMMM, COULD I TAKE A LOOK AT THEM?
IT'S A SILLY HUNCH--BUT THEY MIGHT HAVE ONE OF THE MYSTERY BALLOONS!
MEANWHILE, ON THE STREET BELOW...
A BALLOON PEDDLER WHAT'S HE DOING OUT AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT???
BALLOON, MISTER?
YES, HAVE YOU A RED ONE THAT LOOKS LIKE A RISING SUN?

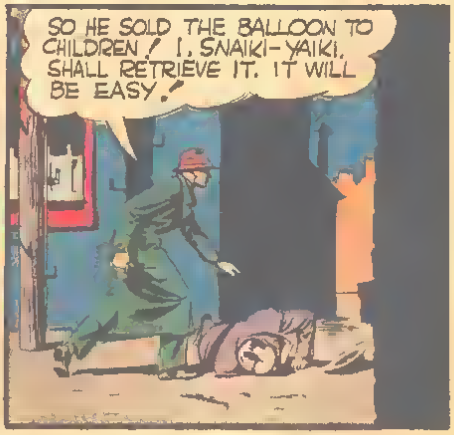

YESSIR, HERE YOU ARE, SIR.
I AM MOST GRATEFUL. THANK YOU EXTENSIVELY

THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE. I MUST SEE THE MESSAGE NOW


NO MESSAGE! THIS IS NOT THE RIGHT BALLOON. GIVE ME THE BALLOON!
OH! OH! I M-MUST HAVE S-S-SOLD IT!

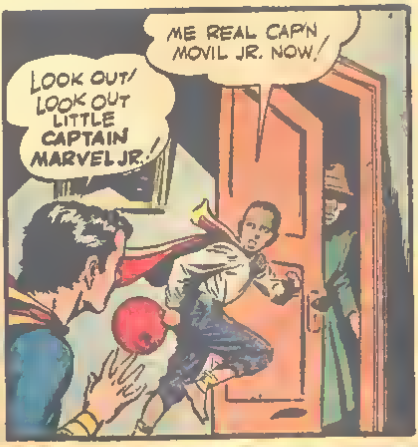

WHERE? WHEN? WHO BOUGHT IT?
S-SOME KIDS-HAVING A PARTY--UP IN THAT APARTMENT!

IDIOT! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A MISTAKE AGAIN!
I MADE A M-MISTAKE !-!---


SO HE SOLD THE BALLOON TO CHILDREN! I, SNAIKI-YAIKI, SHALL RETRIEVE IT. IT WILL BE EASY!

THIS IS IT... WHEN I BLOW IT UP I CAN READ THE MESSAGE!

A PHONE NUMBER! I WONDER WHAT THAT MEANS?
BLOON! BLOON! ME WANT BLOON
HA-HA

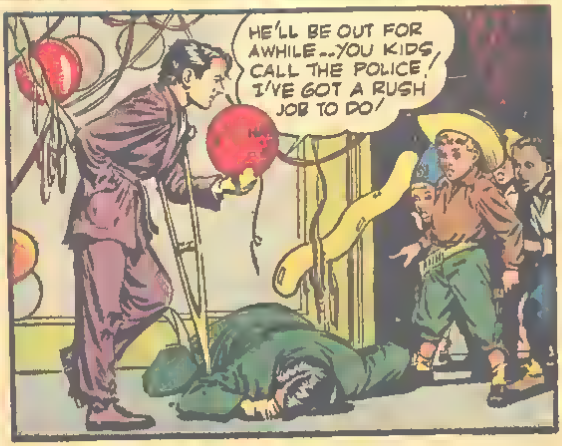

ME REAL CAP'N MOVIL JR. NOW!
LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT LITTLE CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.!

OH-OH! THE WORDS "CAPTAIN MARVEL", EVEN SHOUTED AS A WARNING, WORK THEIR MAGIC CHANGE!
BOOM

THIS IS EASIER THAN I THOUGHT. ONLY A BUNCH OF BABIES AND A CRIPPLED KID!

SO SORRY, LIMPY! NOW I KILL YOU!
LET THAT CHILD ALONE!

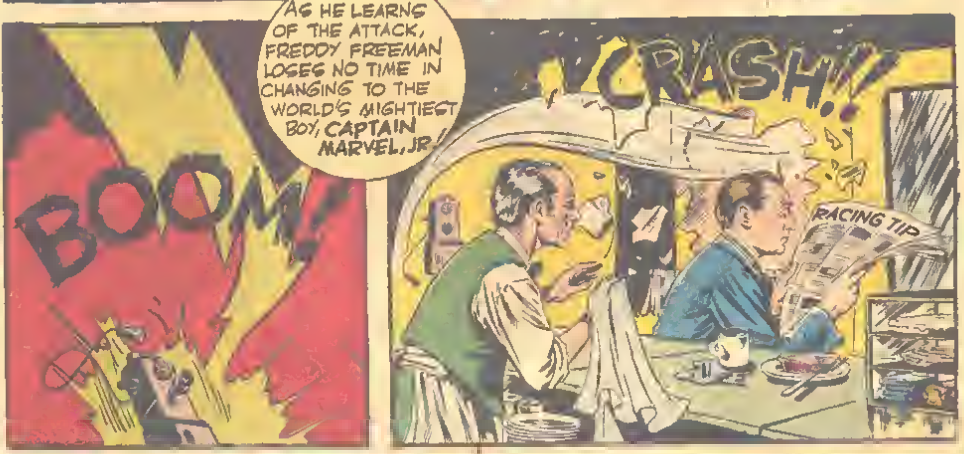
OOOF!


HE'LL BE OUT FOR AWHILE... YOU KIDS, CALL THE POLICE! I'VE GOT A RUSH JOB TO DO!

SHA-12 ...

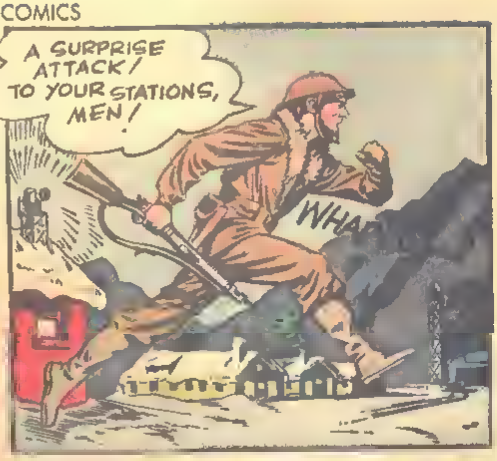
HELLO...
DOT DOT DASH!

YOU ARE LATE, SNAIKI YAIKI -- THE ATTACK ON ALASKA BEGAN ONE MINUTE AGO!
CAPTAIN MARVEL!

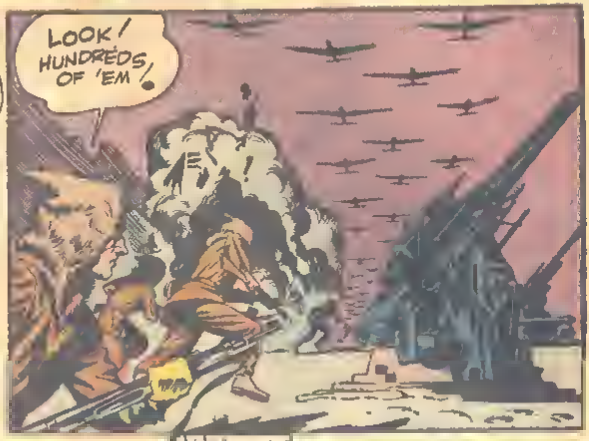

AS HE LEARNS OF THE ATTACK, FREDDY FREEMAN LOSES NO TIME IN CHANGING TO THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BOY, CAPTAIN MARVEL, JR.!!
BOOM!
CRASH!!
RACING TIP

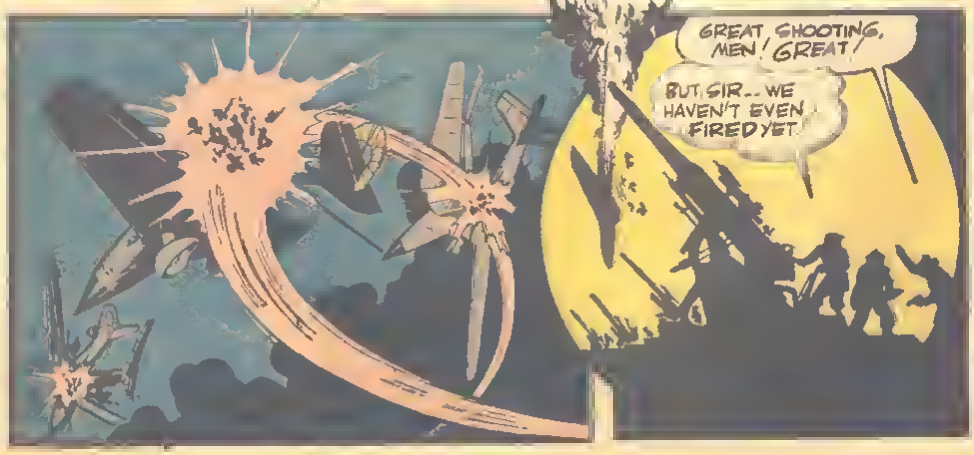
IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN SOONER--!!

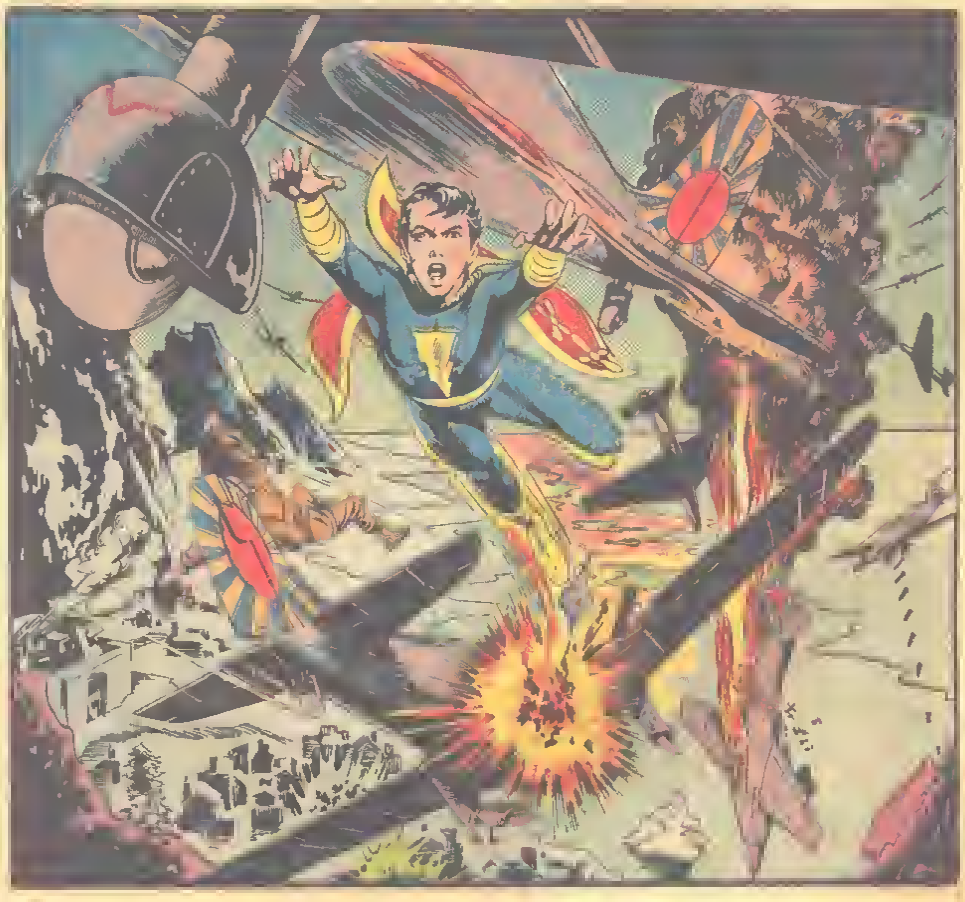
A SOLDIER AT A U S ARMY BASE IN ALASKA LISTENS AT EARPHONES OF AIRCRAFT DETECTOR---
STRANGE PLANES! GIVE THE ALARM!


A SURPRISE ATTACK! TO YOUR STATIONS, MEN!
WHA

ALASKA SLUMBERS OUR FRIEND SNAIKI YAIKI HAS DONE HIS WORK WELL!
SEE! A RED CROSS HOSPITAL. LET US BOMB THAT FIRST!


LOOK! HUNDREDS OF 'EM!


GREAT SHOOTING, MEN! GREAT!
BUT SIR... WE HAVEN'T EVEN FIRED YET.



TAKE THAT, YOU YELLOW SNEAKS! UH-OH—

HERE'S A SURPRISE ATTACK FOR YOU!

I'LL FIX YOUR FACE...

--SO IT WON'T BE WORTH SAVING!
CRACK!

THEY'VE GOT US OUTNUMBERED! LET'S GET 'EM!
LOOK! THEY'RE ALL UNCONSCIOUS!
WAIT A MINUTE-- DON'T SHOOT!

WELL I'LL BE A JEEP!

BATTERED BY THE BRAVE BOY, THE JAPS PROVE TO BE YELLOW INSIDE AS WELL AS OUTSIDE.

LOOK OUT! I MUST GET AWAY FROM YANKEE SECRET WEAPON, PLEASE!

OH, MAMA, I GO BACK TO YOKAHAMA!

OH, HELP! PLEASE SAVE ME FROM BLUE DEVIL DRAGON!

..AN' THEN A BLUE COMET STREAKED THROUGH AND KNOCKED OFF THEIR PLANES.

MAYBE IT WAS THE AURORA BOR- THE AURORA BOR- THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

WHATEVER IT WAS I'M SURE GLAD IT WAS ON OUR SIDE!

ALL QUIET ON THE NORTHERN FRONT-- SO I'D BETTER GET BACK TO U.S.

RETURNING TO THE CITY, THE BOY CHANGES BACK TO FREDDY FREEMAN AND CALMLY GOES BACK TO WORK.

SURE IS MYSTERIOUS, EH, MISTER?

EXTRA.. JAP BLITZ FFFTS MYSTERY FIGHTER ROUTS ATTACK ON ALASKA

Dear Diary,
Smaki Yaiki thought nobody would ever look for secret messages on a balloon. He planned to sabotage communications in U.S. and prevent help from getting to Alaska in a hurry. Well it failed, and you know what happens to spies...

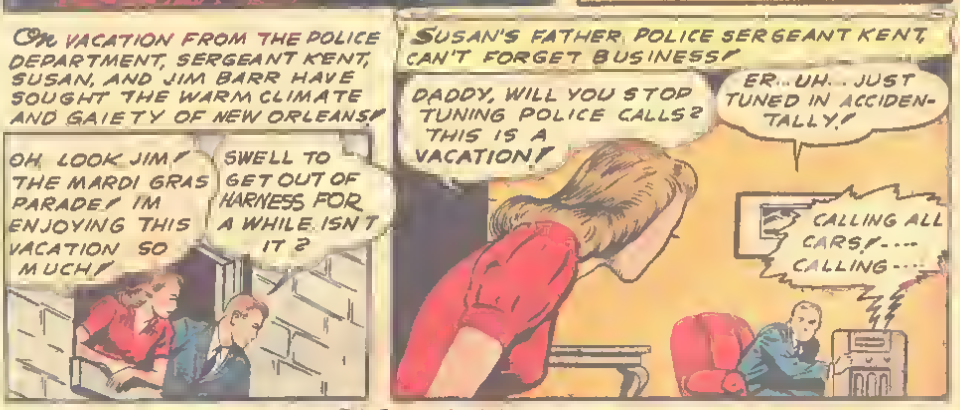
BRRRRRR

WE'VE GOT THE SHIVERS ALREADY BECAUSE NEXT MONTH'S CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. STORY IS ABOUT "THE RETURN OF MR. MACABRE." READ IT IN MAY MASTER COMICS

AMERICA'S AT WAR And
SPY SMASHER
HAS HIS WORK CUT OUT FOR HIM
SEE HIM SMASH THE JAPS IN
"THE CRIME OF PEARL HARBOR"
PLUS THESE OTHER GREAT STORIES..
"THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK"
"THE GHOSTS OF THE OLD SOLDIERS"
and
"THE STOLEN BATTLESHIP"
4 NEW STORIES, 68 PAGES ALL IN
SPY SMASHER
NO. 4
10¢ AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!

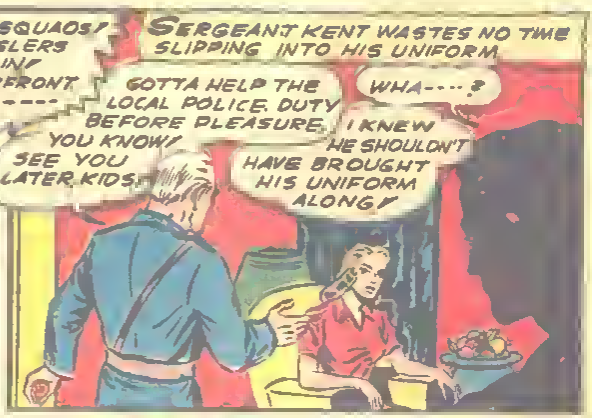
BULLETMAN

The CASE OF THE "TOOTH FOR A CLUE"! JUST A TOOTH FOR A CLUE--- BUT IT LEADS TO SINISTER BAYOUS WHERE MURDEROUS JEWEL-SMUGGLERS LURK! CAN EVEN MIGHTY BULLETMAN INVADE THIS SHUDDERY, SHUNNED SWAMP-LAND---- AND COME OUT ALIVE?

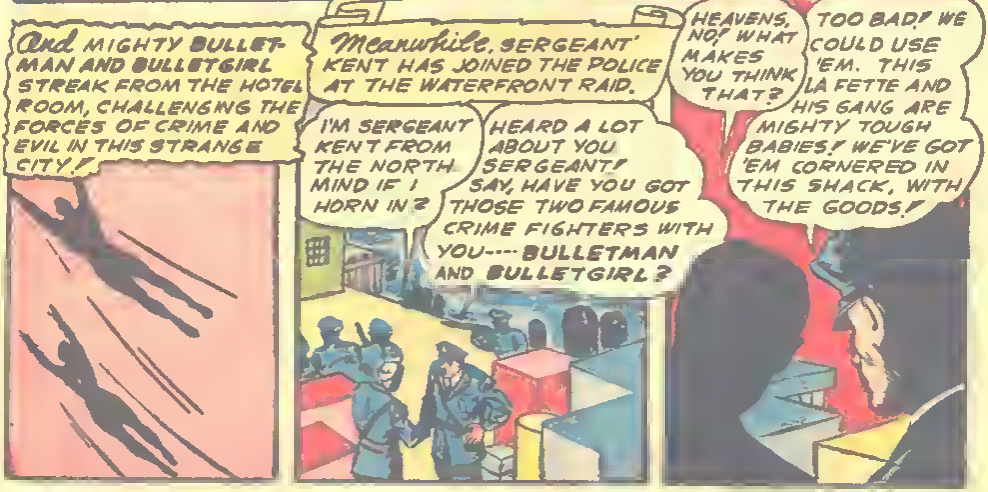


Title Registered at U.S. Patent Office

BUT LISTEN TO THAT!
CALLING ALL SQUADS! JEWEL-SMUGGLERS OPERATING AGAIN! RAID AT WATERFRONT CALLING ALL----


SERGEANT KENT WASTES NO TIME SLIPPING INTO HIS UNIFORM
GOTTA HELP THE LOCAL POLICE. DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE, YOU KNOW! SEE YOU LATER, KIDS!
WHA----?
I KNEW HE SHOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT HIS UNIFORM ALONG!

WE'RE STAYING, JIM. AFTER ALL, THIS IS A VACATION,' AND..... AND.....
ABSOLUTELY! FIRST VACATION IN YEARS. NO BUSINESS OF OURS ABOUT THOSE JEWEL SMUGGLERS, AND... AND.....
WHAT'S THE USE OF KIDDING OURSELVES?
YOU SAID IT! IT'S IN OUR BLOOD!


And MIGHTY BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL STREAK FROM THE HOTEL ROOM, CHALLENGING THE FORCES OF CRIME AND EVIL IN THIS STRANGE CITY!
Meanwhile, SERGEANT KENT HAS JOINED THE POLICE AT THE WATERFRONT RAID.
I'M SERGEANT KENT FROM THE NORTH. MIND IF I HORN IN?
HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU SERGEANT! SAY, HAVE YOU GOT THOSE TWO FAMOUS CRIME FIGHTERS WITH YOU---- BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL?
HEAVENS, NO! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT?
TOO BAD! WE COULD USE 'EM. THIS LA FETTE AND HIS GANG ARE MIGHTY TOUGH BABIES! WE'VE GOT 'EM CORNERED IN THIS SHACK, WITH THE GOODS!

The POLICE CHARGE!
LET'S GO, MEN!
RIGHT, CHIEF!
WITHIN THE SHACK
SACRE! HIDE THE JEWELS, QUICKLY!
COPPERS!
LA FETTE, NOTORIOUS JEWEL SMUGGLER, FLASHES HIS WHITE TEETH IN A SMILE AS THE JEWELS ARE QUICKLY HIDDEN!
AND OUT FIGHTS THEM! SACRE! FIGHT, MEN--- FIGHT!
STUPID POLICE! THEY WILL FIND NO EVIDENCE! LA FETTE ALWAYS OUT-SMARTS THEM!
UNDER LA FETTE'S INSPIRED LEADERSHIP, THE GANGSTERS SLOWLY BEST THE POLICE IN HAND-TO-HAND ENCOUNTER!
HO, HO! YOU WILL HAVE A HEAD-ACHE TOMORROW, NO?
BLAP!
CRONK!

SACRE! WE ARE WINNING!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE NEEDED, BULLETGIRL!
AFTER YOU, MY DEAR GASTON!
HO! ANOTHER DOLT WHO WANTS HIS SKULL CRACKED!
SACRE! WHAT IS THIS? A STONE STATUE? WHY DON'T YOU FALL ON THE FLOOR?
THAT'S EASY I'M NOT TIRED!
BUT YOU'RE SLEEPY. YOU LIE DOWN!
CARAMBA!
TOGETHER, BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL QUICKLY TURN THE TIDE OF BATTLE TO VICTORY FOR THE LAW!
IT'S BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL!
GUESS ALL WE GOTTA DO IS WATCH!
JUMPIN' JEHOSOPHAT!
THANKS FOR HELPING! THOUGHT YOU SAID THEY WOULDN'T BE HERE, KENT?
WHY, SARGE! YOU DIDN'T THINK WE'D LET YOU DOWN?
I'M SURPRISED MYSELF!

THE BATTERED GANG AND THEIR CABIN ARE THOROUGHLY SEARCHED FOR JEWELS, BUT
NOT A JEWEL ON THEM, CHIEF!
WELL, I'LL BE---?
JEWELS? SACRE, WE ARE HONEST FISHERMEN! THIS WAS A SHAMELESS ATTACK UPON US. SNIFF! WE GO!
NEVER MIND THE COMEDY, LA FETTE. HOW YOU HID THOSE SMUGGLED JEWELS IS BEYOND ME----
I CAN'T HOLD THEM! NO EVIDENCE AGAIN, BLAST IT ALL!
BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME, MON CAPITAIN! HA, HA, HA!
HEY, WAIT!
SORRY, CHIEF! THE ACTION IS OVER. CAN'T STAY FOR TEA!
THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO TRAP THOSE SMUGGLERS!
YES, BUT LET'S SEE WHAT SERGEANT KENT HAS TO SAY TO JIM BARR AND SUSAN!
SERGEANT KENT RETURNS!
...AND THEN BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL CAME TO OUR RESCUE!
YOU MEAN THAT WE...
....MISSED ALL THE FUN!
BUT NO JEWELS WERE FOUND LA FETTE WORMED OUT OF IT. WE'S FREE TO CONTINUE OPERATING, AND THE POLICE CAN'T DO A THING TILL THEY CATCH HIM WITH THE GOODS!
I'M GOING TO BED AFTER ALL THIS IS MY VACATION!
GOOD NIGHT, DADDY! DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE SMUGGLERS!

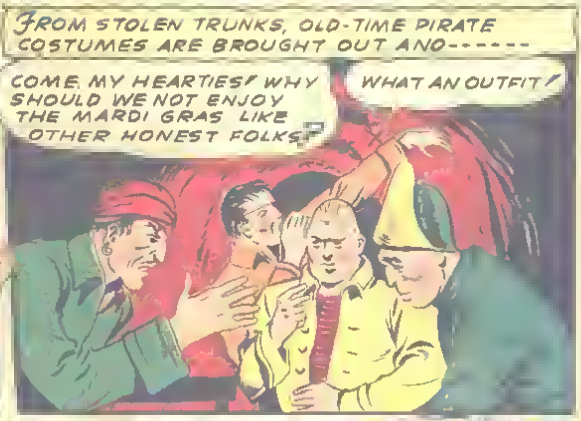
NEITHER WILL WE, JIM. LET'S GO SEE THE MARDI GRAS PARADE ..... JIM! JIM! WHY- UH.... HE'S GONE!
LET SUSAN ENJOY HER VACATION I'M GOING OUT ALONE TO GET A LINE ON THOSE FOXY SMUGGLERS!
And UNKNOWN TO THE CITY BELOW, MIGHTY BULLETMAN SEEKS A TRAIL OF CRIME BEHIND ITS GAIETY AND LAUGHTER!
Bulletman ARRIVES AT THE SCENE OF THE FIGHT, SEEKING A CLUE.
THEY CAME HERE WITH THE JEWELS, THAT'S CERTAIN. WONDER IF THE POLICE SEARCHED THOROUGHLY?
A TOOTH! KNOCKED OUT DURING THE FIGHT! HUH, SOME CLUE!
SACRE! THE SNOOPER HAS FOUND WHAT I CAME FOR!
ULPS!
I TAKE THE TOOTH, MY FRAN'!
Bulletman IS UNAWARE OF THE CREEPING FORM BEHIND HIM!
STUNNED FOR THE MOMENT ONLY, BULLETMAN LEAPS IN PURSUIT!
LA FETTE HIMSELF!
CARAMBA, I MUST HURRY TO THE BOAT!
HA, HA, HA! I GIVE HIM THE SLIP!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

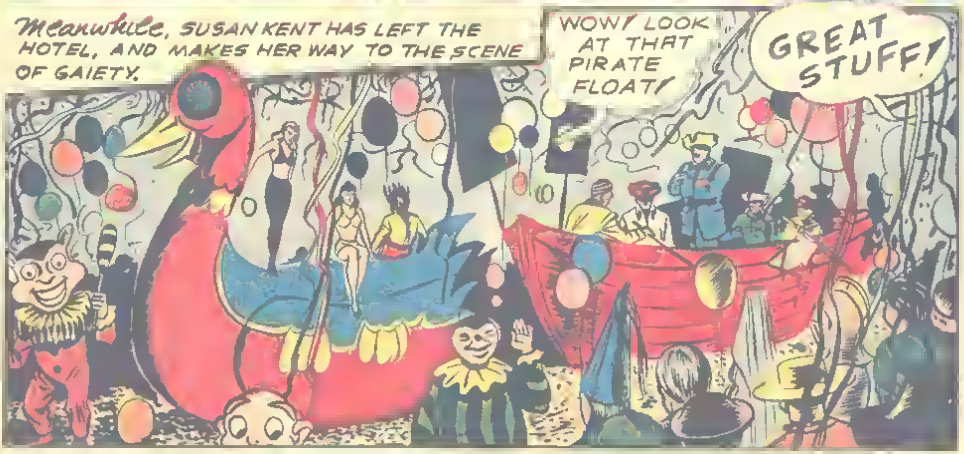
BULLETMAN FOLLOWS AT A SLOW PACE!
OHO! SO THAT'S WHERE HIS HIDE OUT IS---IN THE SWAMPS!
The BOAT WINDS AMONG THE BAYOUS AND DEEP INTO THE SHUDDERY SWAMP-LAND WHERE ONCE PIRATES LURKED!
The MOTORBOAT COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP AS THE BAYOU ENDS!
AND NOW, CHUM, LET'S YOU AND ME HAVE A TALK!
SACRE! THE DEVIL FOLLOWED ME!
The SMUGGLER CHIEF DOES AN ASTOUNDING THING!
FOR THE LUVA----?
HA, HA, HA!
MINUTES LATER
HE DIDN'T COME UP!
DID HE COMMIT SUICIDE, OR AM I CRAZY?
But THE SMUGGLER CHIEF, AFTER AN UNDERWATER SWIM, COMES UP IN A LARGE DRY CAVE!
YOU GOT THE TOOTH, BOSS?
YES, BUT I THINK THE BULLETMAN KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT IT. ASSEMBLE THE MEN!

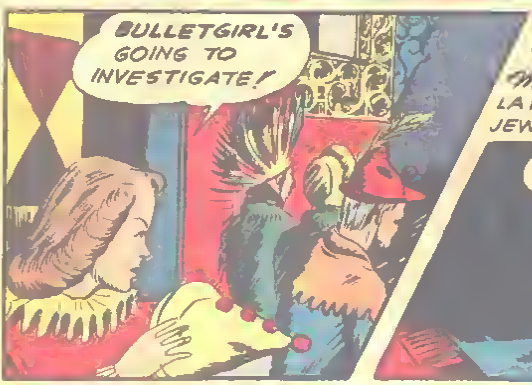
SACRE! ALL THESE BEAUTIFUL JEWELS BURNING OUR FINGERS! WE MUST GET PAST THE POLICE INTO THE CITY, TO OUR FENCES. BUT HOW? TELL ME HOW, SOMEONE!

HEY, I GOT IT! HOW ABOUT USING THE MARDI GRAS PARADE-----OOWWW!
SHUT UP, FOOL! THAT IS STUPID!
GLING!

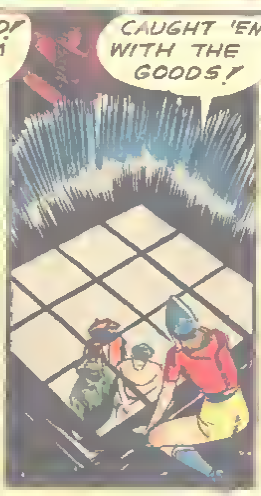
HO, HO! I HAVE A SPLENDID IDEA! WE HAVE FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT THE MARDI GRAS PARADE! SACRE! IT IS THE ANSWER!


FROM STOLEN TRUNKS, OLD-TIME PIRATE COSTUMES ARE BROUGHT OUT AND------
COME, MY HEARTIES! WHY SHOULD WE NOT ENJOY THE MARDI GRAS LIKE OTHER HONEST FOLKS?
WHAT AN OUTFIT!

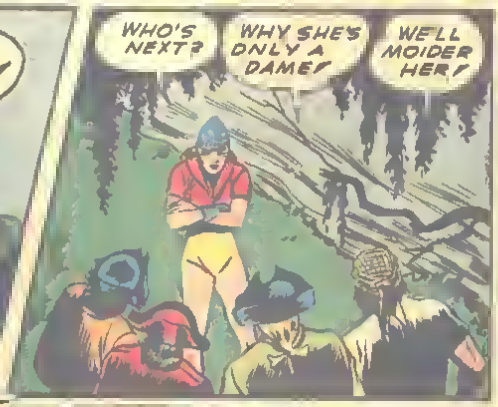

Meanwhile, SUSAN KENT HAS LEFT THE HOTEL, AND MAKES HER WAY TO THE SCENE OF GAIETY.
WOW! LOOK AT THAT PIRATE FLOAT!
GREAT STUFF!

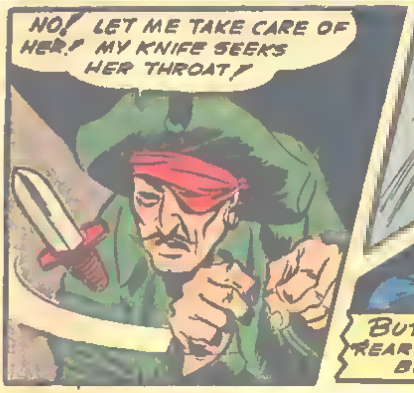


Meanwhile, ON THE SIDE STREET, LA FETTE AND HIS GANG BRING THEIR JEWELS TO A FENCE.



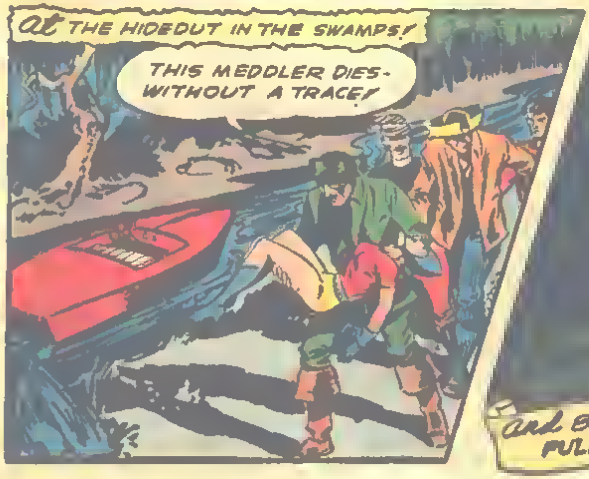
HERE'S YOUR FIRST CUSTOMER----AND MY PAYMENT!
CARAMBA!


WHO'S NEXT?
WHY SHE'S ONLY A DAME!
WE'LL MOIDER HER!


NO! LET ME TAKE CARE OF HER! MY KNIFE SEEKS HER THROAT!

THE GRAVITY HELMET DRAWS THE KNIFE
BUT AN ATTACK FROM THE REAR OVERPOWERS BULLETGIRL!

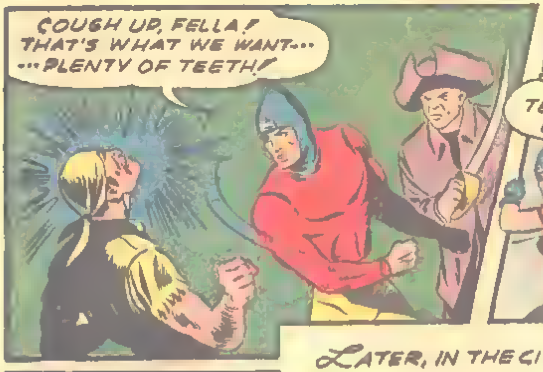
And THE GANGSTERS CARRY THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL TO THEIR HIDEOUT!

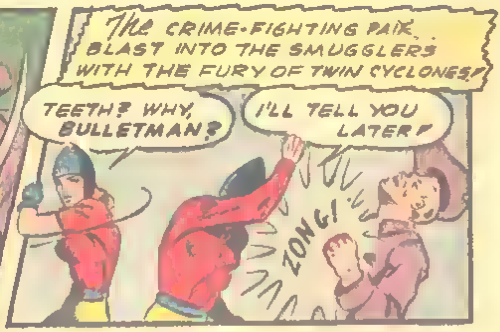

At THE HIDEDUT IN THE SWAMPS!
THIS MEDDLER DIES-WITHOUT A TRACE!

and BULLETGIRL IS FLUNG INTO A PIT FULL OF HUNGRY ALLIGATORS!

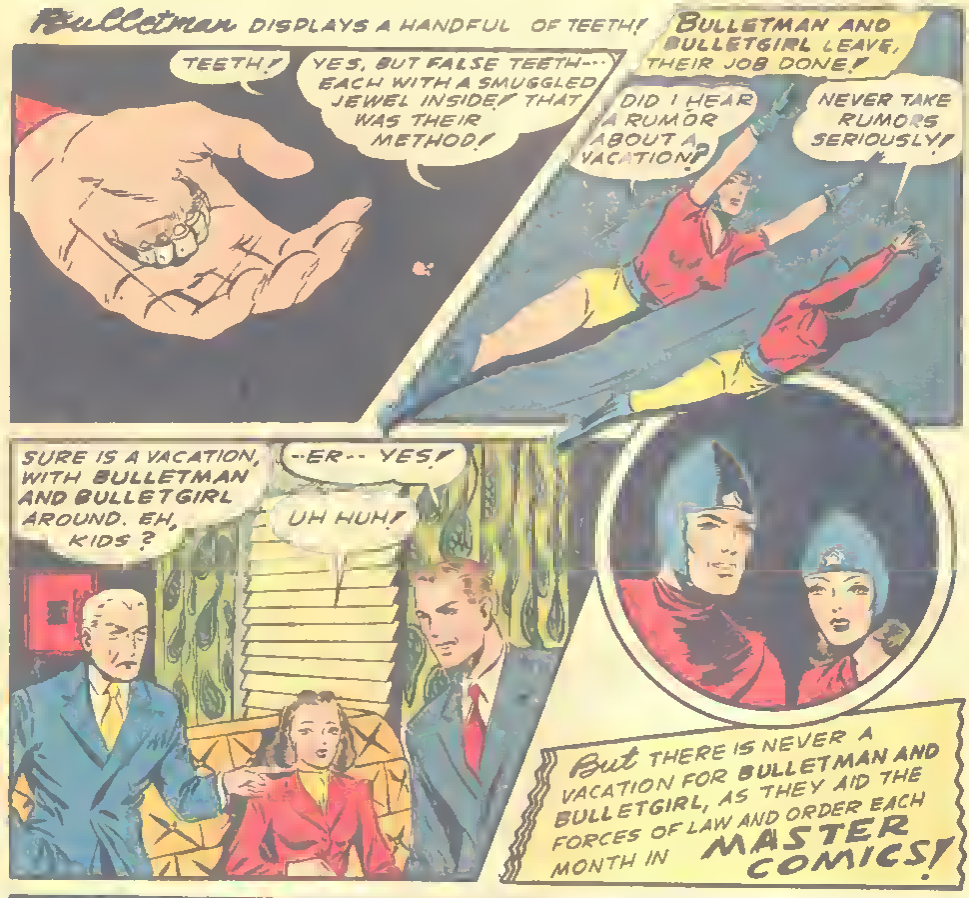
Meanwhile, JIM BARR SEEKS SUSAN!
WHERE'S SUSAN, SERGEANT KENT?
ISN'T SHE HERE? MUST'VE GONE TO THE MARDI GRAS!
ALARMED, BULLETMAN TAKES UP THE SEARCH!
NOT A SIGN OF HER DOWN THERE, EITHER!
HERE'S WHERE THE TRAIL ENDED LAST TIME. NOW WHAT? .... HEY! THE WATER IS MUCH LOWER!
WOW! WONDER IF THAT SMUGGLER GANG NABBED HER AND TOOK HER HERE?
SWIFTLY BULLETMAN LEAVES THE CITY AND HEADS FOR THE SHADOWY BAYOUS!
I GET IT! THE TIDE WENT OUT! THIS IS WHERE LAFETTE SLIPPED AWAY LAST TIME AT HIGH TIDE!
Only ONE THOUGHT IS UPPERMOST IN BULLETMAN'S THOUGHTS AS HE INVADES THE HIDEOUT LIKE A HUMAN CANNONBALL....
WHERE'S BULLETGIRL?
SACRE! THE BULLETMAN!

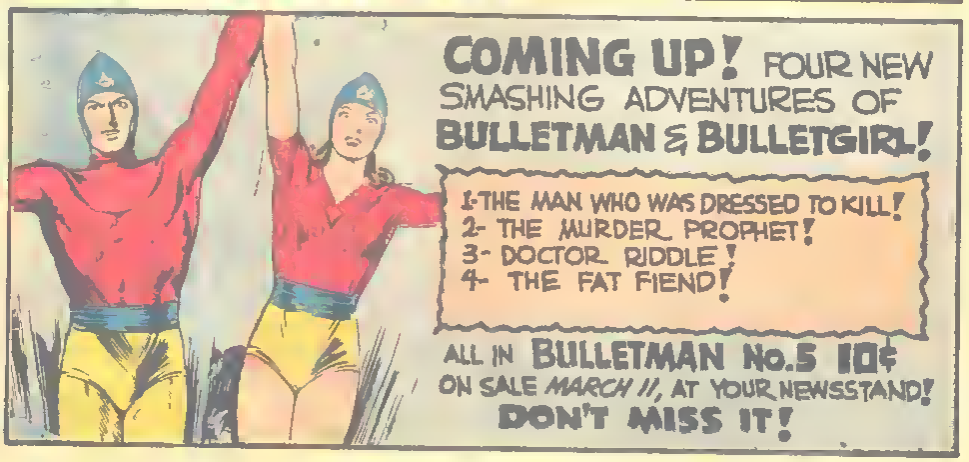
THE BULLETGIRL? DOWN THERE---- WITH THE ALLIGATORS!
ALLIGATORS! I'LL SEE YOU LATER, BUD!
HO, HO, HO! NOW THEY ARE BOTH ALLIGATOR FOOD!
BULLETMAN DIVES TO THE RESCUE!
GOTTA RESCUE BULLETGIRL..... WHA----?
RESCUE? HMFFF! I'M JUST FINISHING UP THESE BABIES!
THEN LET'S GO! BUT LOOK---- A LID OVER THE PIT!
SO WHAT?
HO, HO! BY NOW THEY ARE CHEWED TO LITTLE BITS!
SACRE!





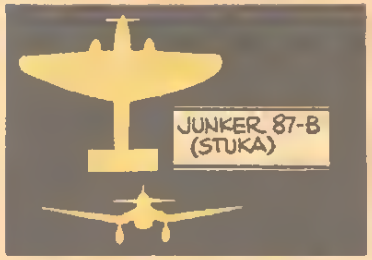
LATER, IN THE CITY, BULLETGIRL BRINGS THE POLICE TO THE WATERFRONT!


Bulletman DISPLAYS A HANDFUL OF TEETH!
TEETH!
YES, BUT FALSE TEETH--- EACH WITH A SMUGGLED JEWEL INSIDE! THAT WAS THEIR METHOD!
BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL LEAVE, THEIR JOB DONE!
DID I HEAR A RUMOR ABOUT A VACATION?
NEVER TAKE RUMORS SERIOUSLY!
SURE IS A VACATION, WITH BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL AROUND. EH, KIDS?
--ER-- YES!
UH HUH!
But THERE IS NEVER A VACATION FOR BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL, AS THEY AID THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER EACH MONTH IN MASTER COMICS!


COMING UP! FOUR NEW SMASHING ADVENTURES OF BULLETMAN & BULLETGIRL!
1-THE MAN WHO WAS DRESSED TO KILL!
2- THE MURDER PROPHET!
3- DOCTOR RIDDLE!
4- THE FAT FIEND!
ALL IN BULLETMAN No.5 10¢
ON SALE MARCH 11, AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!
DON'T MISS IT!

324 PAGES!
PRICE 50 CENTS
GIFT COMICS
A GREAT BIG PRESENT
EVERY BOY AND
EACH PAGE IN FULL
A GIANT OF ENTERTAINMENT!
IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT IT... BUY IT NOW!
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!

THESE ARE ENEMY PLANES - WATCH OUT FOR THEM!



The Stuka's what this one is called.
Its broad wings, sharply bent,
And wide, flat tail have been installed
For freedom's detriment.

These are the marks of
a Nazi ship—
The cross and the crooked cross;
It works for a double-crossing drip
Who wants to be our boss.

This is the sign of Rising Sun
That marks a Jap's
wing tips—
The Rising Sun whose
rising's done,
We'll put it in eclipse.

Mitsubishi's this one's name
With sharply tapered wings,
A rounded nose, a compact frame—
It bears one ton of slings!

This fighter plane's the Messerschmitt—
Herr Goering's joy and pride;
Its angled wings and tail-piece spit
Mean danger to our side.

Its slightly tapered wings are long,
Its body short and squat.
As dangerous as it is strong—
For friendly's what it's not!

The Kurier is this one's name.
Four motors take it far
On level, tapered wings; its aim—
To spread the Nazis' war.

A stubby biplane, this, with straight
Long wings—an easy one to spot,
But deadly, so beware its hate;
It dives to aim its shot.

This one is big, and fast, and tough—
Its notched wings pick it out.
It's up to us to treat it rough
Until it's put to rout.

Its wings curve out in back to meet
Its fuselage; its nose is blunt—
[illegible] alone, with single seat
For [illegible] pilot on the hunt.

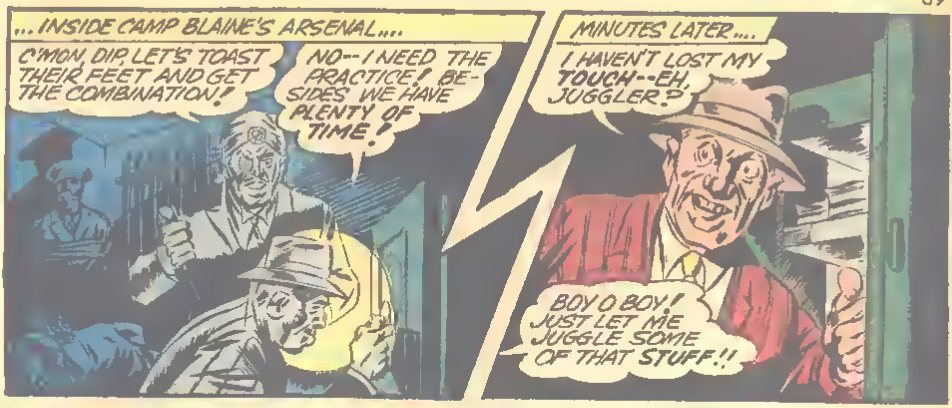
STUDY THESE PICTURES

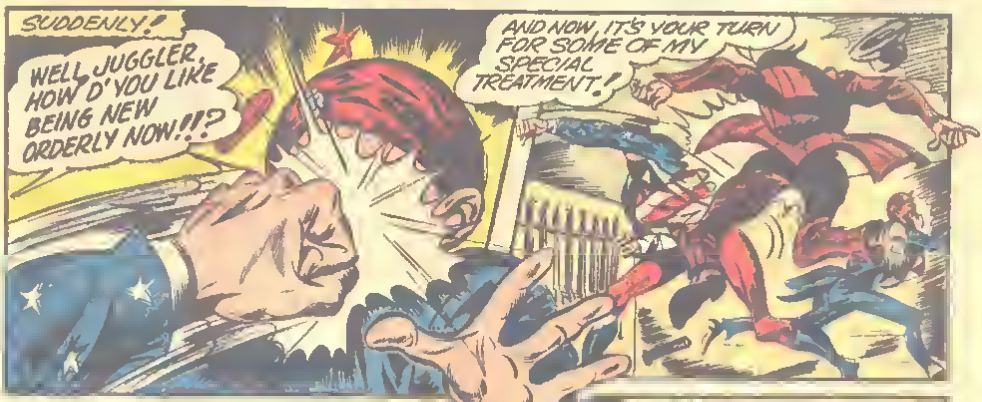
YOUR ABILITY TO RECOGNIZE PLANES MAY SAVE LIVES!

A CONTORTIONIST... A JUGGLER... A PICKPOCKET--ONLY THREE MEN AND YET THEY SPREAD WAVES OF TERROR ACROSS CAMP BLAINE! WHAT STRANGE POWER DO THEY POSSESS? SUCH IS THE BACKGROUND FOR MINUTE MAN'S GREATEST FIGHT AGAINST THE MOST BAFFLING MYSTERY OF HIS CAREER
OUR STORY OPENS AT A THEATRE PERFORMANCE IN CAMP BLAINE AS SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS MINGLE....
UH.. UH..
HEY! YOU STOLE MY WALLET!
HMMM... LOOKS LIKE THE DIP'S PUT HIS FINGER INTO THE WRONG PLACE!
MINUTE MAN
THE ONE MAN ARMY

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! A MAN AS TALENTED AS YOURSELF--AND YOUR FRIENDS--SHOULDN'T BOTHER WITH CHICKEN-FEED!!
WHAT'S YOUR ANGLE?
TOMORROW IS THE CAMP PAY DAY! PERSONALLY I'M NOT INTERESTED IN MONEY... BUT YOUR PALS AND YOURSELF CAN BECOME RICH WHILE I...BZ...BZZZ....
AND SO... THAT NIGHT....
NEXT MORNING--GENERAL MILTON'S TENT!
THE BOYS ASKED ABOUT LOSING THEIR FURLOUGHS TODAY. IT'S PAYDAY AND....
WHO'S RUNNING THIS CAMP ANYWAY? THE SOLDIERS WILL GET THEIR FURLOUGHS AFTER THE TANK MANEUVERS...WHICH START IMMEDIATELY! AND WESTON, YOU'RE NO LONGER MY ORDERLY!
AS MY NEW ORDERLY...YOUR FIRST JOB IS TO TELL ALL THE MEN TO GET THE TANKS READY!
YES, SIR!
THAT NEW ORDERLY! WHAT I SAW OF HIS FACE LOOKED FAMILIAR. HMMM... WONDER WHO HE IS???
GOSH, JACK, I'M SURE SORRY TO HEAR THAT YOU'RE NO LONGER THE GENERAL'S ORDERLY! SAY--WHAT'RE YOU THINKING ABOUT?
HMMM... JUST TRYING TO REMEMBER WHERE I SAW THAT NEW ORDERLY'S FACE BEFORE!
THESE NEW TANKS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE EQUALLY AT HOME ON LAND AND WATER. I'VE GIVEN ORDERS TO TEST THEM FIRST IN WATER!
VERY INTERESTING!
...WE'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!..

JUST THEN....
HOLY SMOKE! THAT NEW ORDERLY! I REMEMBER WHO HE IS!!
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOIN', JACK UGHHH!
CRASH
TOO BAD ABOUT SLIM BUT THIS WAS THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP HIM FROM SEEING ME CHANGE TO MINUTE MAN!
TWEET!
TWEET!
GENERAL MILTON! LOOK!
SO! SOMEONE'S TRYING TO TEAL A TANK EH?
THERE'S A SABOTEUR IN THAT TANK! FIRE ON HIM! FIRE!
WHEW! FIRST GENERAL MILTON FIRES ME AS ORDERLY... AND NOW HE'S ORDERING THEM TO FIRE AT ME! WHAT A DAY!!
BOOM
ER... UH... UH... WHERE AM--GOSH! I... I'M WITH MINUTE MAN! WHERE WE GOIN' HUH?
WE'RE GOING BACK TO CAMP. PROVIDED I CAN SLIP PAST THOSE TWO TANKS BLOCKING US!!!


...INSIDE CAMP BLAINE'S ARSENAL....
C'MON, DIP, LET'S TOAST THEIR FEET AND GET THE COMBINATION!
NO--I NEED THE PRACTICE! BESIDES WE HAVE PLENTY OF TIME!
MINUTES LATER....
I HAVEN'T LOST MY TOUCH--EH, JUGGLER?
BOY O BOY! JUST LET ME JUGGLE SOME OF THAT STUFF!!

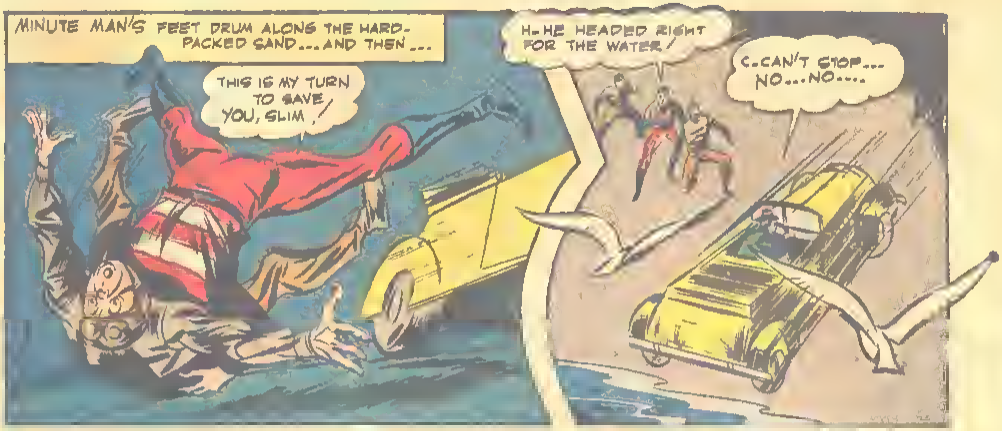

SUDDENLY!
WELL JUGGLER, HOW D'YOU LIKE BEING NEW ORDERLY NOW!!?
AND NOW, IT'S YOUR TURN FOR SOME OF MY SPECIAL TREATMENT!

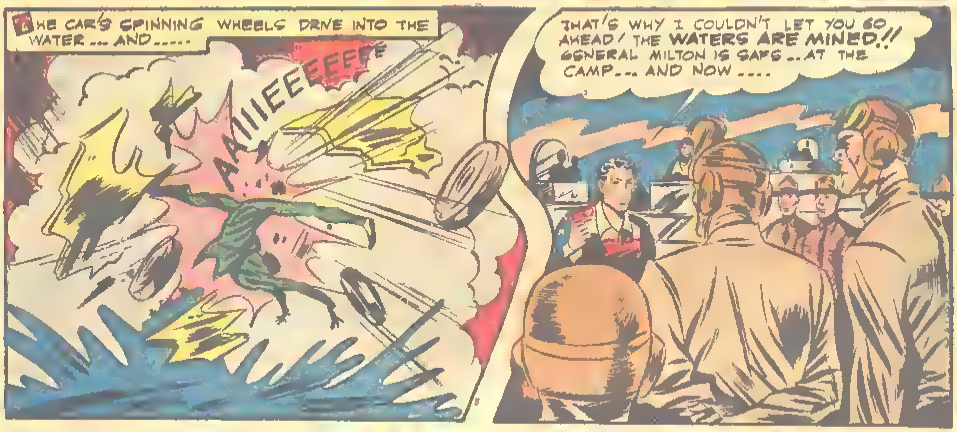
GOOD THING WE'RE IN AN ARSENAL! AND NOW---
WHO--- ER-- WOW!
CAN'T GET THROUGH THAT JUGGLER'S WALL OF STEEL!
HURRY, JUGGLER... MINUTE MAN MAY HAVE SOMEONE OUTSIDE!
HE HAS!!

SWELL WORK, HERBERT--AND NOW LET'S SEE WHO'S TIED UP HERE!
ER--UP--GENERAL MILTON! BUT AREN'T YOU--WEREN'T YOU--
I WAS KIDNAPPED LAST NIGHT--
AND FORCED TO COME HERE--THE GUARD--PRIVATE WATERS--SAW ME AND DIDN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING UNTIL TOO LATE!!
PRIVATE WATERS!! THAT REMINDS ME THE TANKS ARE HEADING TOWARD THE WATER!!
EXCUSE ME--BUT I NEARLY FORGOT SOMETHING!
??
GOTTA' HURRY!
WHACK
EXCUSE ME, TOO, MISTER GENERAL.... BUT I GOTTA CATCH MINUTE MAN! YA WON'T HAVE TO WORRY--THESE BOYS'LL SLEEP A LONG TIME!!
ER--HARU-MPH--
BOY! THIS IS EXCITIN'! IMAGINE ME WORKIN' WITH MINUTE MAN!
AND--AS MINUTE MAN'S TANK SPURTS AWAY--

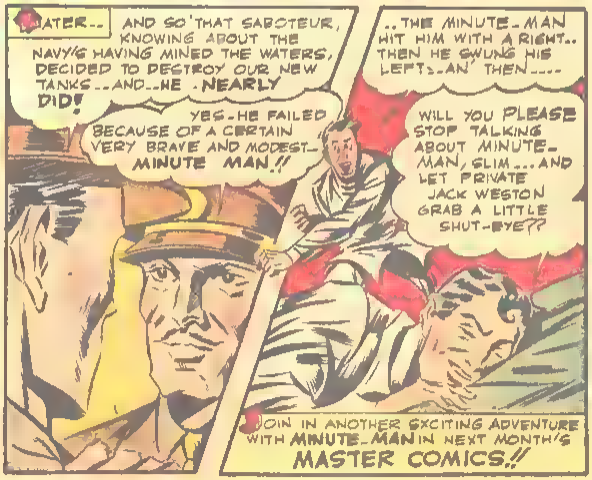
CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT GENERAL MILTON IS IN TWO PLACES AT ONE TIME? FOR MEANWHILE.... ON THE SANDS OF THE NEARBY SEA.....
THESE TANKS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE AMPHIBIAN, MEN! RACE THEM INTO THE WATER AND TEST THEM!
BOOTED FEET TRAMP ON ACCELERATORS AND THE METAL MONSTERS START MOVING!
BUT--JUST THEN--
CRASH!
ITS...IT'S MINUTE MAN! SHOOT HIM MEN! FIRST HE STOLE A TANK! NOW...'S TRYING TO SABOTAGE THE REST!
MINUTE MAN A TRAITOR? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!
W--WHO'S THAT?
JUMPING FROM HIS TANK MINUTE MAN APPROACHES.
HE HIT GENERAL MILTON! THAT PROVES HE'S A TRAITOR--AND I'LL HAVE TO SHOOT HIM!!
AN AVENGING FIST LASHES OUT!!
HERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN SAVING FOR YOU!

YOU CAN'T SHOOT MINUTE MAN! GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO PROVE HIMSELF!
THANKS, SLIM, AND I'LL START PROVING THINGS... RIGHT NOW!
OOF!
NOW FOR SOME PLASTIC SURGERY!
GOSH, FELLAS, THE GENERAL'S FACE IS... IS CHANGING!
AND NOW... THE FINAL TOUCH!
LOOKA THAT! IT'S THE CONTORTIONIST! HE HAD HIS FACE TWISTED AROUND TO BE LIKE GENERAL MILTON'S!!
SUDDENLY... THE GENERAL'S CAR STARTS UP IN REVERSE AND....
HE'S GOING FOR SLIM!
MISBEGOTTEN FOOL! IF NOT FOR YOU MINUTE MAN WOULD DEAD!
UH..ULP!


MINUTE MAN'S FEET DRUM ALONG THE HARD-PACKED SAND... AND THEN...
THIS IS MY TURN TO SAVE YOU, SLIM!
H-HE HEADED RIGHT FOR THE WATER!
C-CAN'T STOP... NO... NO....


THE CAR'S SPINNING WHEELS DRIVE INTO THE WATER... AND.....
AAIIIEEEEEEE
THAT'S WHY I COULDN'T LET YOU GO AHEAD! THE WATERS ARE MINED!! GENERAL MILTON IS GAPS... AT THE CAMP... AND NOW....

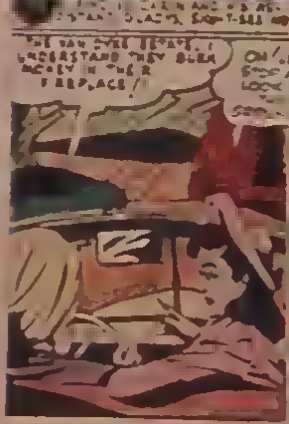
..GOODBYE... AND I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN... WHEN YOU NEED ME!
WHAT A MAN! WELL... MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO CAMP... WITH THIS HUMAN KNOT!

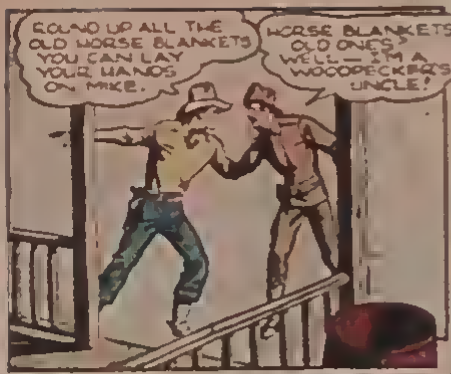

WATER... AND SO THAT SABOTEUR, KNOWING ABOUT THE NAVY'S HAVING MINED THE WATERS, DECIDED TO DESTROY OUR NEW TANKS... AND... HE NEARLY DID!
YES - HE FAILED BECAUSE OF A CERTAIN VERY BRAVE AND MODEST- MINUTE MAN!!
..THE MINUTE-MAN HIT HIM WITH A RIGHT.. THEN HE SWUNG HIS LEFT:- AN' THEN....
WILL YOU PLEASE STOP TALKING ABOUT MINUTE-MAN, SLIM... AND LET PRIVATE JACK WESTON GRAB A LITTLE SHUT-EYE??
JOIN IN ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH MINUTE-MAN IN NEXT MONTH'S MASTER COMICS!!

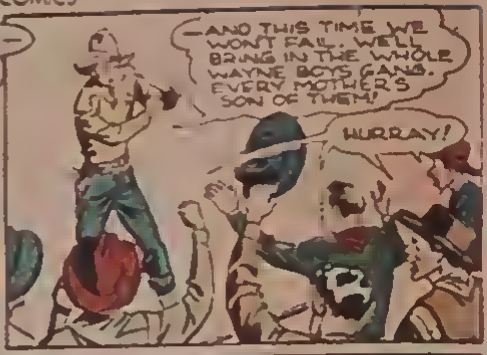
El Carim

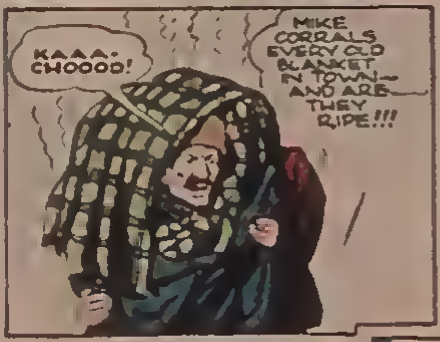
CARIM, WHOSE NAME SPELLED BACKWARDS IS MIRACLE, SEEKS TO RESCUE RICH LITTLE PERCY VAN DYKE FROM A RUTHLESS KIDNAP GANG -- OR IS IT VICE VERSA?

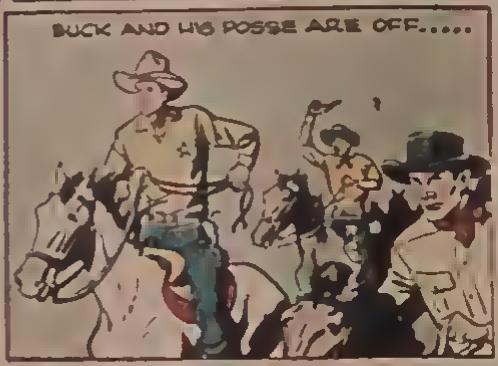
COCK!

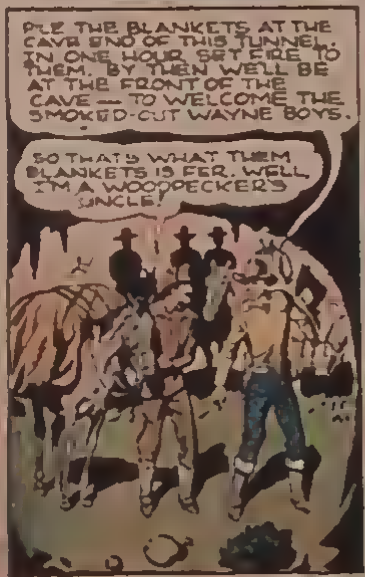


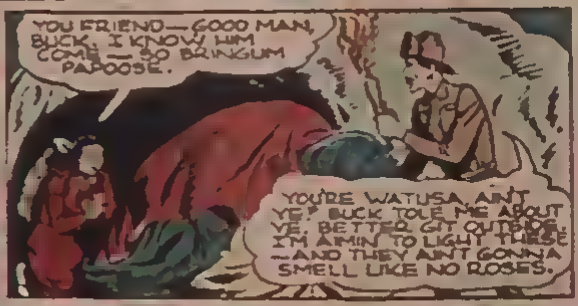

ROUND UP ALL THE OLD HORSE BLANKETS YOU CAN LAY YOUR HANDS ON, MIKE.
HORSE BLANKETS— OLD ONES? WELL— I'M A WOODPECKER'S UNCLE!


—AND THIS TIME WE WON'T FAIL. WELL BRING IN THE WHOLE WAYNE BOYS GANG. EVERY MOTHER'S SON OF THEM!
HURRAY!


KAAA-CHOOOD!
MIKE CORRALS EVERY OLD BLANKET IN TOWN— AND ARE THEY RIDE!!!

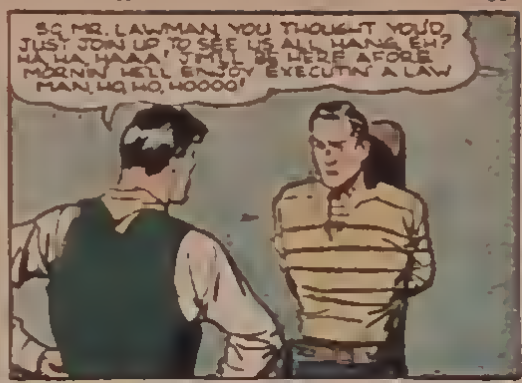

BUCK AND HIS POSSE ARE OFF.....


PILE THE BLANKETS AT THE CAVE END OF THIS TUNNEL. IN ONE HOUR, SET FIRE TO THEM. BY THEN WE'LL BE AT THE FRONT OF THE CAVE — TO WELCOME THE SMOKED-OUT WAYNE BOYS.
SO THAT'S WHAT THEM BLANKETS IS FER. WELL, I'M A WOODPECKER'S UNCLE!


YOU FRIEND—GOOD MAN, BUCK. I KNOW HIM COME — SO BRINGUM PAPOOSE.
YOU'RE WATUSA AIN'T YE? BUCK TOLE ME ABOUT YE. BETTER GIT OUTERE! I'M A'MIN' TO LIGHT THESE —AND THEY AIN'T GONNA SMELL LIKE NO ROSES.

ONE HOUR LATER MIKE STARTS THE SMUDGE FIRE....

"OUTLAW" EH? YOU SAID THAT LIKE A LAWMAN! GRAB HIM AND TIE HIM TO A HITCHIN' POST.


SO, MR. LAWMAN, YOU THOUGHT YOU'D JUST JOIN UP TO SEE US ALL HANG, EH? HA, HA, HAAA! I'LL BE HERE AFORE MORNIN' WE'LL ENJOY EXECUTIN' A LAW MAN, HO, HO, HOOOO!

YOU FIGHT FOR WATUSA —ME HELP YOU— YOU GOOD MAN

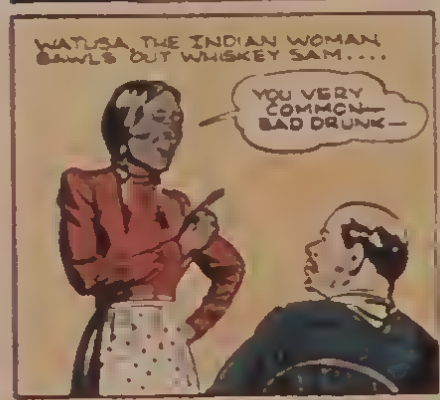
ME SHOW YOU SECRET WAY OUT OF CAVE — WHITE MAN NOT KNOW.

GET YOUR BABY AND COME WITH ME, WATUSA!
NO! PAPOOSE MAYBE CRY— ME STAY. YOU FIND HORSE OUTSIDE TUNNEL.

BUCK JONES RIDES AGAIN!

THIS BE A RIGHT SMART PLACE TO LIVE FROM SUN RAIN — AN' THE LAW.
HEY, INJUN, BUSTLE UP SOME GRUB!
GRUB READY
THE CAVE HIDEOUT OF THE NOTORIOUS WAYNE BOYS GANG.

WHISKEY SAM MEAN AND DRUNK AS USUAL STARTS GETTING ORNERY.
GIMME THAT! WATCH HIS BETTERS FIRST


WATUSA, THE INDIAN WOMAN, BAWLS OUT WHISKEY SAM....
YOU VERY COMMON— BAD DRUNK—

NONE O' YORE UP— YOU INJUN WENCH!
OHHHH!!?

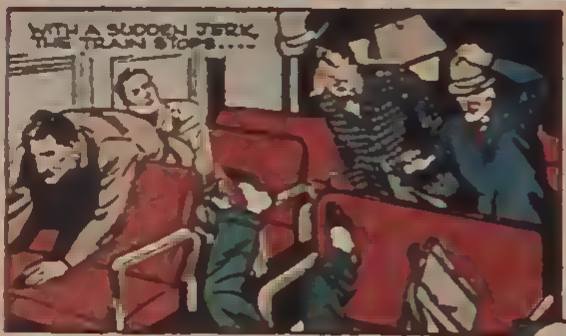
WHY YOU—
HEY—??

—DIRTY LOW DOWN— OUTLAW
UGGGH!

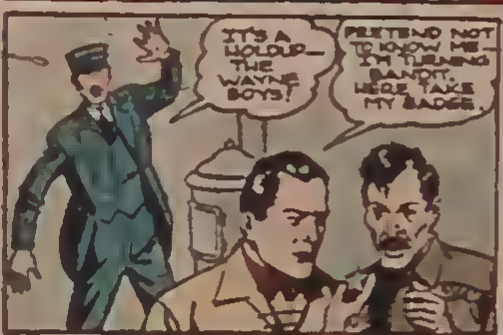
HOW'D YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE A ON THIS HALO'D STRANGER?
BROTHER, JIM WAYNE TOLD ME TO JINE YOU BOYS WHEN YOU HELD UP THE TRAIN AT DAN MAN'S JUNCTION.
YOU SAY THE STRANGER? WHERE'D YOU SEE JIM?
IN — KANSAS CITY — AT — 'S GOONS
BUCK'S ON THE SPOT HE NAMES THE PLACE MOST FREQUENTED BY OUTLAWS — AND WINS.
THAT SOUNDS OKAY TO ME PARDNER!
WHAT'S YOUR HANDLE? MINE'S SILVER JOE
AN MINE'S
WE GOT A BUCKBOARD WAITIN' JUST BEYOND THET RISE — THEN WE CAN RIDE IN COMFORT-LIKE
SURE THANK YOU FOR DOUBLE-SITTIN' ME ON YOUR HAV
VER A NEW HAND HAIN'T YE?
YEP! A NEW HAND WITH AN OLD GRUDGE AGAINST THE LAW
HAPPEN YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE TO SETTLE THET GRUDGE
WITH ALL THE LAW MEN O' THE WEST ARTER US, NARY A ONE EVER COMES WITHIN SHELLIN' DISTANCE. THIS CANYON'S ONE REASON.
DON'T I KNOW IT?
??
AND THIS CAVE IS ANOTHER REASON.

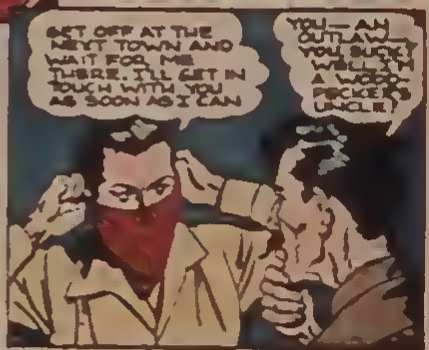
THERE'S DALLMAN'S TUNNEL — AND NO SIGN OF THE WAYNE BOYS YET. I —

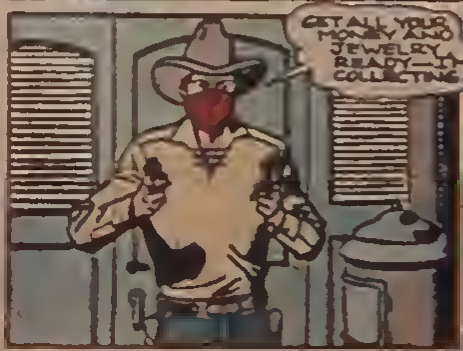
STOP THE TRAIN JUST THIS SIDE OF DALLMAN'S TUNNEL!
WHAT—??

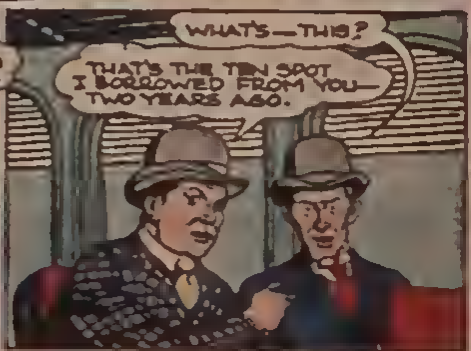

WITH A SUDDEN JERK, THE TRAIN STOPS....

GERROOOUPLE! GERRROOOUPLE! WHEEEEEW!


IT'S A HOLDUP— THE WAYNE BOYS!
PRETEND NOT TO KNOW ME— I'M THE WANTED BANDIT. HERE, TAKE MY BADGE.


GET OFF AT THE NEXT TOWN AND WAIT FOR ME THERE. I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU AS SOON AS I CAN
YOU— AN OUTLAW! YOU SUCKER! WELL, I'M A WORK PICKER, UNCLE!


GET ALL YOUR MONEY AND JEWELRY READY— I'M COLLECTING.


WHAT'S — THIS?
THAT'S THE TEN SPOT I BORROWED FROM YOU— TWO YEARS AGO.

BUCK JONES

FRONTIER MARSHAL

WHATTA ACCIDENT! BUCK JONES, FAMOUS MOVIE STAR!

BUCK JONES DOES THE UNTHINKABLE— HE TURNS BANDIT— BUT NOT FOR LONG —AND VERY DECIDEDLY FOR GOOD. BUT— TURN THE PAGES AND DO YOUR OWN READING.....

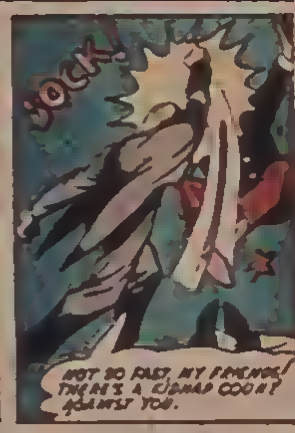
BUT MEANWHILE MORGAN ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE WITH THE RANSOM MONEY
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET AWAY WITH THE SWAG!
AH! EL CARIM'S MAGIC --
MONEY TALKS, YOU KNOW MORGAN!
—IS BROUGHT INTO PLAY!!
HEY YOU! STOP! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?
LEMME OUT!!
EEEEEEEE!!
YOU COME HOME WITH ME, MR. MORGAN, MY DAD WILL PAY YOU AN' WE'LL PLAY COPS AND ROBBERS ALL DAY!
HEY!
PLEASE! PLEASE! EL CARIM! TAKE ME TO JAIL GIMME THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, ANYTHING BUT PERCY!
AW SHUCKS! WHY DON'T NOBODY WANT TO PLAY WITH ME?
LEADING STATE "COOPERS TO DISPOSE OF THE CAPTURED BIGNAP GANG, EL CARIM AND OLADYE BRING PERCY VAN DYKE HOME TO HIS GRIEVING PARENTS.
HERE'S YOUR BOY BACK!
SO SOON?-- UH--ER, . . . I MEAN, THANKS, EL CARIM!
FOUR FLAT TIRES NOW, EL CARIM! COULDN'T YOU STOP HIM FROM DOING IT?
WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM A-- MAGICIAN?
BUMP!
BUMP!!
HEE! HEE! HEE!
IT'S A TREAT TO READ EL CARIM.
MASTER OF MAGIC-- MASTER OF MIRTH! BE SURE TO SEE EL CARIM IN NEXT MONTH'S MASTER COMICS!

WELL WE SAY WHO THE CULPRIT IS?
NOW TELL YOU I'LL LONG LEFT ME ALONE LEAVE YOUR CLEANER?

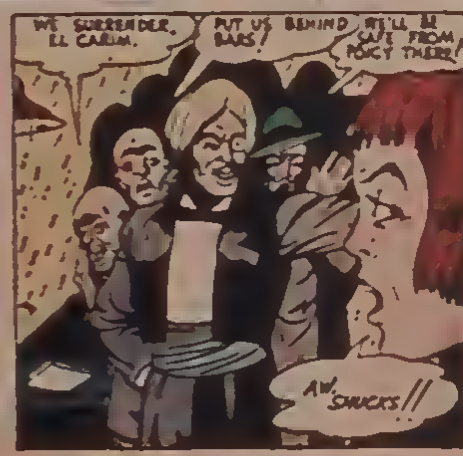
EL CARIM TO THE RESCUE! -- BUT WHOSE RESCUE?
LOOKS LIKE MY WILD IS INSANE! O SHUCKS! BECOME HEAVY AS LEAD!!

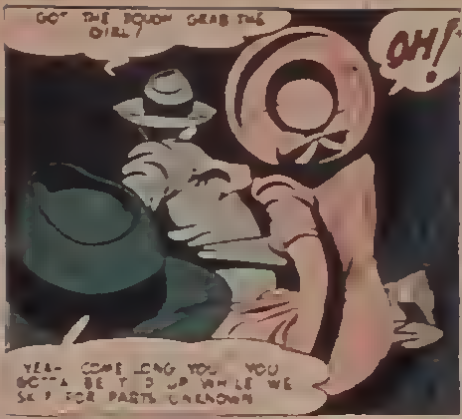
OOF!

THE KIDNAP GANG SEEKS ESCAPE.
WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF POKEY!
OUTA THE WAY, MISTER!
WE'RE COMIN' THROUGH!

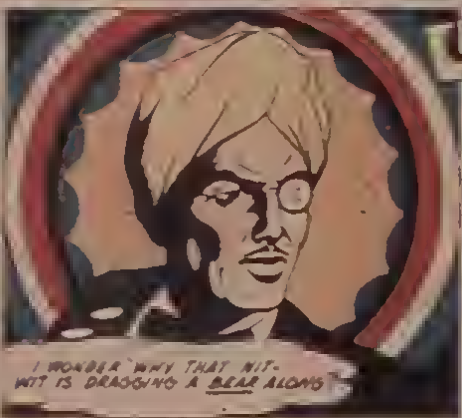

SOCK
NOT SO FAST, MY FRIENDS! THERE'S A KIDNAP GOON AGAINST YOU.

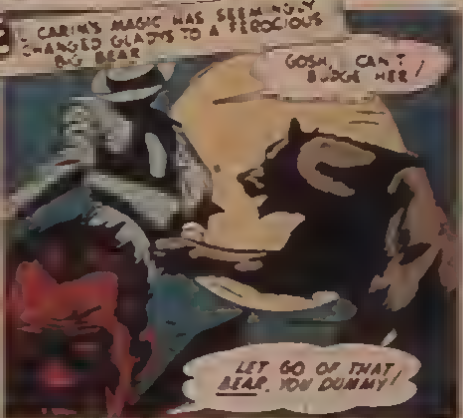
WAIT EL CARIM! STOP! THAT'S MY GOONS! I'M GOING TO HAVE MY DAD HIRE THEM TO PLAY WITH ME! YOU LEAVE THEM ALONE!


WE SURRENDER, EL CARIM.
PUT US BEHIND BARS!
WE'LL BE SAFE FROM POKEY THERE!
AW, SHUCKS!!

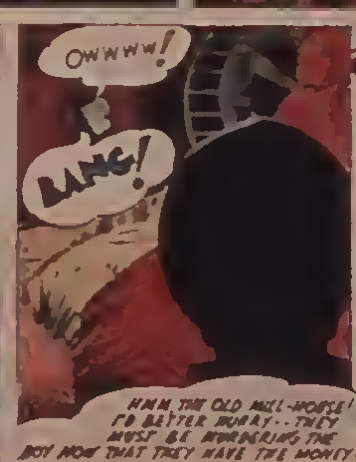

GOT THE BOUGH GRAB THE GIRL!
OH!
YEA- COME LONG YOU... YOU GOTTA BE TO UP WHILE WE SKIP FOR PARTS UNKNOWN

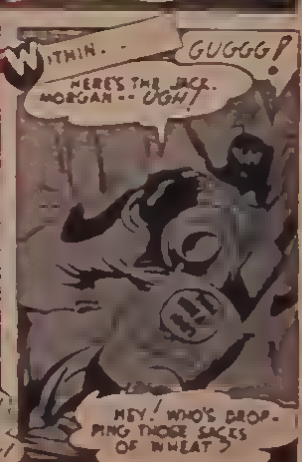
THEY'VE GRABBED GLADYS! THEY WON'T DO!

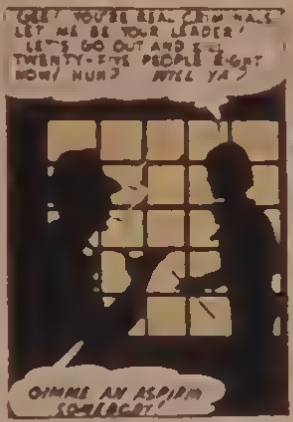

I WONDER WHY THAT NIT-WIT IS DRAGGING A BEAR ALONG

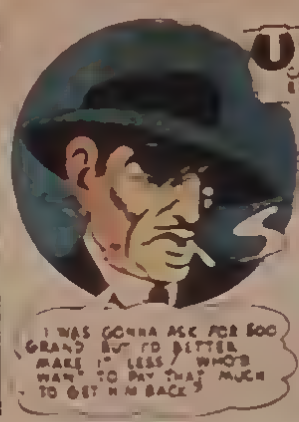

EL CARIM'S MAGIC HAS SEEMINGLY CHANGED GLADYS TO A FEROCIOUS BIG BEAR
GOSH, CAN'T BUCKLE HER!
LET GO OF THAT BEAR, YOU DUMMY!

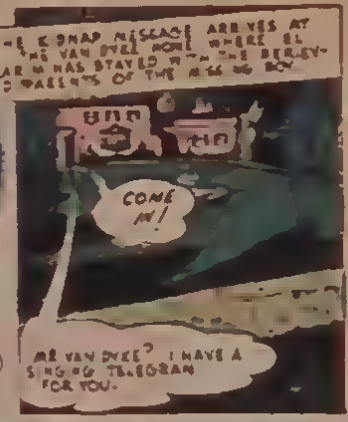
EL CARIM!!
YOU STAY HERE, GLADYS. I'LL FOLLOW THEM TO THEIR HIDE-OUT!


OWWWW!
LANG!
HMM THE OLD MILL-HOUSE! I'D BETTER HURRY.. THEY MUST BE HURRYING THE BOY NOW THAT THEY HAVE THE MONEY!

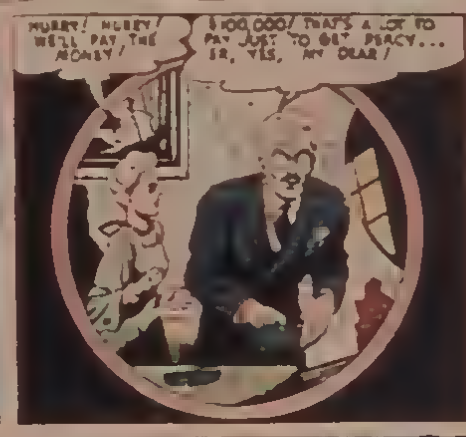

WITHIN..
GUGGG!
HERE'S THE JACK MORGAN -- UGH!
HEY! WHO'S DROPPING THOSE SACKS OF WHEAT?

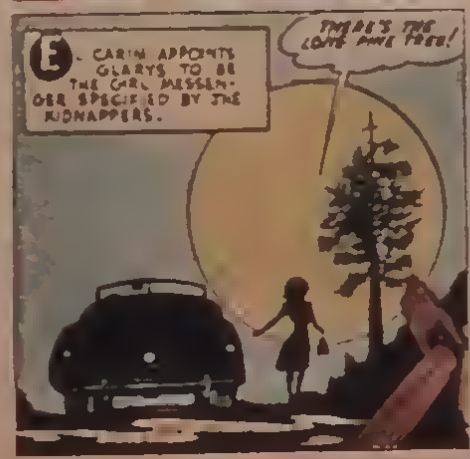

GEE! YOU'RE REAL CRIMINALS! LET ME BE YOUR LEADER! LET'S GO OUT AND KILL TWENTY-FIVE PEOPLE RIGHT NOW! HUH? WELL YA?
GIMME AN ASPIRIN SOMEBODY!


I WAS GONNA ASK FOR 500 GRAND BUT I'D BETTER MAKE IT LESS! WHO'D WANT TO PAY THAT MUCH TO GET HIM BACK?


THE SNAP MESSAGE ARRIVES AT THE VAN DYKE HOME WHERE BILL CARIN HAS STAYED WITH THE BERLEY-ED PARENTS OF THE KIDNAPPED BOY.
COME IN!
MR VAN DYKE? I HAVE A SINGING TELEGRAM FOR YOU.

...PAY ONE HUNDRED GRAND TO GET YOUR BOY BACK TO THE LONE PINE TREE HAVE A GIRL BRING THE JACK!


HURRY! HURRY! WE'LL PAY THE MONEY!
$100,000! THAT'S A LOT TO PAY JUST TO GET DEACY... ER, YES, MY DEAR!

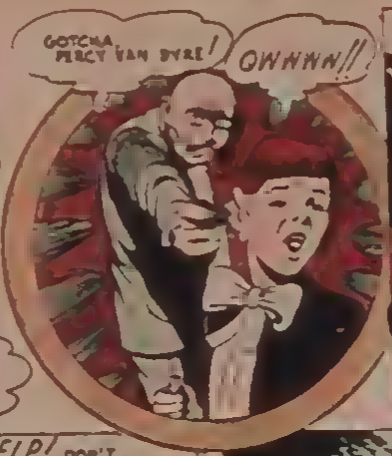

E. CARIN APPOINTS GLADYS TO BE THE GIRL MESSENGER SPECIFIED BY THE KIDNAPPERS.
THERE'S THE LONE PINE TREE!

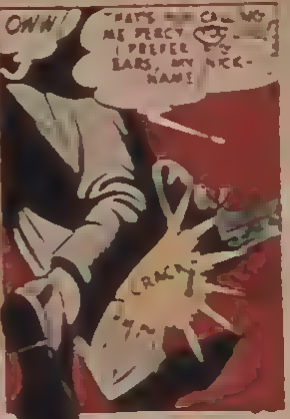
GLADYS DOESN'T KNOW I FOLLOWED HER. I'M BOUND TO SEE IF I CAN SAVE THE MONEY AND RESCUE THE BOY, TOO!

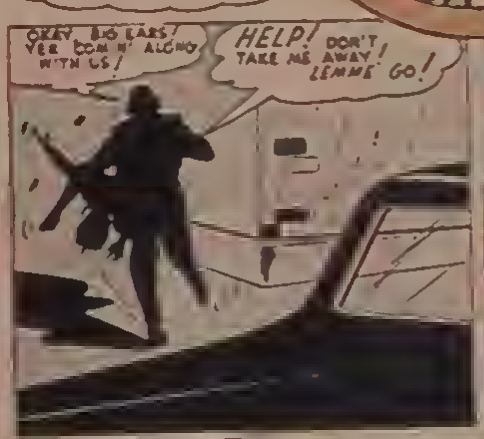
UPSTAIRS FORZO RECOVERS FROM HIS DRUGGED WINE -
UGH! WHAT IS IT? WHERE AM I? HAVE I BEEN AGLEED?
YES! AND WHILE YOU SLEPT, THAT GRANDDAUGHTER OF ALVAREZ HAS STIRRED UP REBELLION..
SHE HAS AROUSED THE PEOPLE BY TELLING THEM ALVAREZ IS PRISONER IN THE DUNGEON!
AND OUTSIDE THE PALACE GATES
MONSTERS! DECEIVERS!
WE KNOW THE TRUTH OF YOUR EVIL WAYS!
RELEASE ALVAREZ!
LIAR!
THAT RABBLE DARES INSULT ME! IT IS TIME THEY KNEW HOW HEAVY IS MY HAND!
EXCELLENCY, A MOMENT PLEASE! THIS AMERICANO BURST IN ON US AND TRIED TO RESCUE ALVAREZ!
YOU SEE, FORZO I TOO FOUND OUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO ALVAREZ!
VERY CLEVER GRINGO! SO CLEVER I MUST KEEL YOU TO END YOUR CLEVERNESS! COME! WE GO TO THE ROOF
MEANWHILE...OUTSIDE THE CROWD BECOMES ANGRY.
LOOK! FORZO THE TRAITOR IS ON THE ROOF!
YOU ARE RIGHT, YOU SCUM! I DO HOLD ALVAREZ! JUST AS I HOLD ALL CASTILLO! TO PROVE MY POWER, I WEEL KEEL THIS STUPID OLD MAN YOU IDOLIZE!
-FORZO YELLS HIS DEFIANCE AT THE ANGRY CITIZENS..

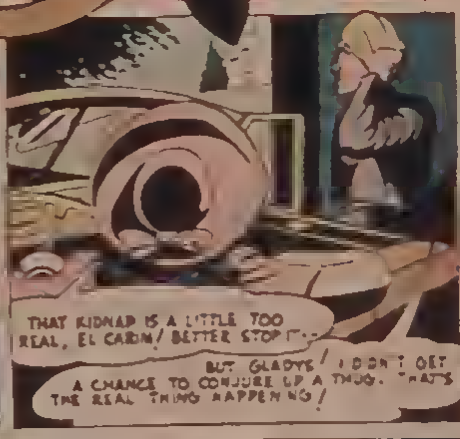
NOT A WORD TO THE COPS OR YUR BRAT WILL CUM BACK IN A BOX BOY!
WELL, WE CAN'T INFORM THE POLICE, MOTHER. DON'T TAKE ON SO! IT'S... SORT OF A RELIEF TO HAVE PERCY AWAY FOR AWHILE -- DON'T YOU THINK?
MEANWHILE IN THEIR HIDEOUT THE POOR KIDNAPPED BOY IS NO MANHANDLED BY THE HEARTLESS THUGS. IS SOMEONE LOOKING?
HOW, POLLY -- QUICK! MY COUSINS!
I SAID DON'T CALL ME PERCY!
I'M A MACHINE GUN -- A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A!
PING!
OWWW!
THE LEADER, SNATCH MORGAN, INTERVENES.
NOW? WHAT BEAN SHOOTER?
WHO THOUGHT O' NABBIN' DIS HOLY TERROR? I'M QUITTIN'! I'M QUITTIN', I TELL YA! I'M GOIN' BACK TO PICKIN' POCKETS!
GIMME THAT BEAN-SHOOTER, BIG EARS AND STOP PICKING ON MY MEN!

I'LL GIVE THAT RICH BRAT A SCARE -- BY HAVING A THUG CHASE HIM! MAGIC DO YOUR STUFF!!


GOTCHA, PERCY VAN DYKE!
OWWWW!!


OWW!
THAT'S [illegible] CALL ME PERCY [illegible] I PREFER MY EARS, MY NICK-NAME!
CRACK!


OKAY, BIG EARS! YER COMIN' ALONG WITH US!
HELP! DON'T TAKE ME AWAY! LEMME GO!

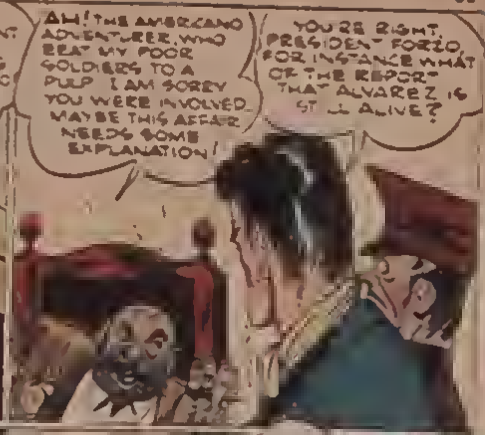

THAT KIDNAP IS A LITTLE TOO REAL, EL CARIM! BETTER STOP!--
BUT GLADYS! I DON'T GET A CHANCE TO CONJURE UP A THUG. THAT'S THE REAL THING HAPPENING!

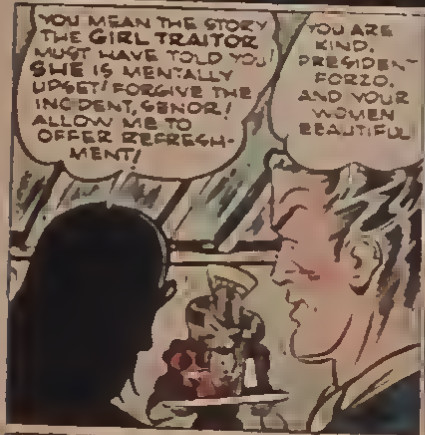
WITH A FLAT TIRE, EL CARIM CANNOT GIVE CHASE.
MY BOY! MY PRECIOUS PERCY!
HERE COME MR. AND MRS. VAN DYKE.

OUR BOY WAS KIDNAPPED? ER... REALLY?
HELP! MURDER! POLICE!
THEY THREW A NOTE BACK!!

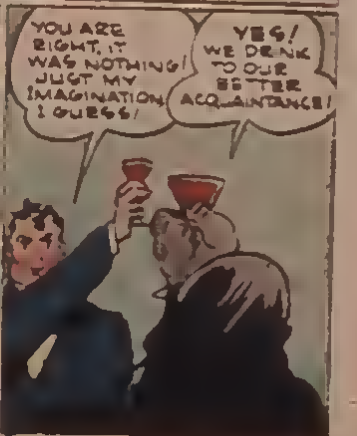
....AND FOR ADVENTURE, DON'T MISS "COMPANIONS THREE" IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF....MASTER COMICS....A REAL THRILL AWAITS YOU---

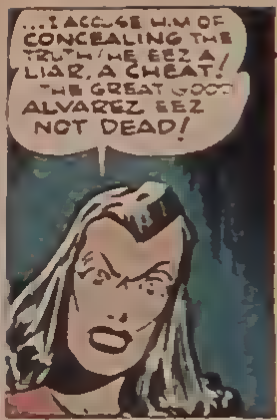
AS I THOUGHT! MY DRINK WAS DRUGGED! NOW WHAT DID HE INTENDED TO DO WITH ME AFTER I DOZED OFF?
THERE MUST BE A HIDDEN PASSAGE... HE'S UNDOUBTEDLY DONE THIS BEFORE!
YES! HERE IT IS!
DON BLUNDERS INTO THE PRISON OF PRESIDENT ALVAREZ...
IT LEADS DOWN... FEELS DAMP! WHAT'S THAT?
NO! NO! AGAIN I REFUSE!
...WHERE IS THAT TREASURE HIDDEN?
?
IT BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE! YOU SHALL NEVER HAVE IT!
TIGHTEN THE CHAINS STRETCH HIS STUBBORN JOINTS!
YOU YELLOW DOG! TASTE A LITTLE ROUGH STUFF YOURSELVES!
?
THEIVES! TORTURERS HERE'S SOME OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE
I'LL DEAL WITH THIS MADMAN!
CRACK
THAT'LL HOLD HIM MEN! TIE HIM UP NOW. TAKE HIM TO PRESIDENT FORZO!

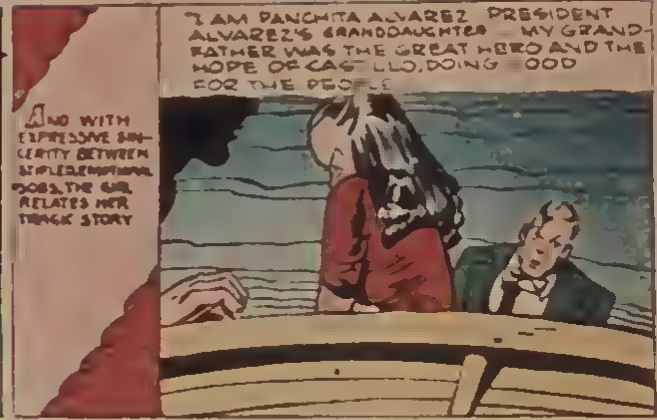


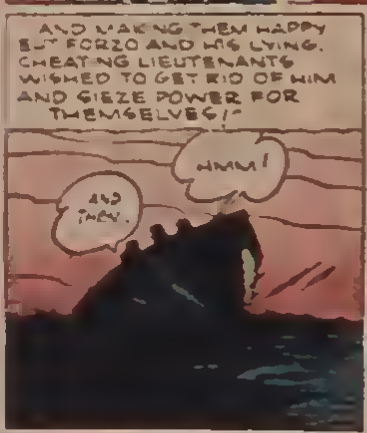


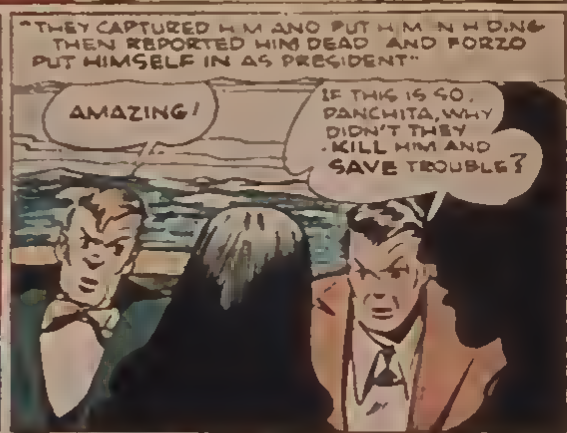
AS DON TURNS, FORZO DROPS A PELLET IN ONE OF THE GLASSES...




...I ACCUSE HIM OF CONCEALING THE TRUTH! HE EEZ A LIAR, A CHEAT! THE GREAT GOOD ALVAREZ EEZ NOT DEAD!


AND WITH EXPRESSIVE SINCERITY BETWEEN SIMPLE REMINISCENCE, THE GIRL RELATES HER TRAGIC STORY
I AM PANCHITA ALVAREZ PRESIDENT ALVAREZ'S GRANDDAUGHTER — MY GRANDFATHER WAS THE GREAT HERO AND THE HOPE OF CAGTILLO, DOING GOOD FOR THE PEOPLE


AND MAKING THEM HAPPY BUT FORZO AND HIS LYING, CHEATING LIEUTENANTS WISHED TO GET RID OF HIM AND SIEZE POWER FOR THEMSELVES!"
HMM!
AND THEN...


"THEY CAPTURED HIM AND PUT HIM IN HIDING THEN REPORTED HIM DEAD AND FORZO PUT HIMSELF IN AS PRESIDENT"
AMAZING!
IF THIS IS SO, PANCHITA, WHY DIDN'T THEY KILL HIM AND SAVE TROUBLE?

SEE THAT PALACE OVER THERE...THEY HOPE TO FORCE HIM TO TELL WHERE HE HAS CONCEALED THE TREASURE BELONGING TO THE GOVERNMENT...

...AN OLD SERVANT SAYS THEY HOLD HIM IN THAT PALACE ...IN A DUNGEON BELOW THE LEVEL OF THESE WATERS!
THIS SOUNDS LIKE A JOB FOR COMPANIONS THREE!

BOYS TAKE PANCHITA TO OUR HOTEL... SHE CAN HIDE THERE. I'M GOING TO FIND A WAY INTO THAT PALACE!

ARREST THAT SHE TRAITOR.. SHE INSULTS THE MEMORY OF ALVAREZ.
BRING HER TO ME AT THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE ! WEEL DEAL WEETH HER THERE!
THAT GAL'S IN TROUBLE, BOYS! WE CAN'T LEAVE A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS
AND BESIDES SHE'S A SWELL LOOKER!
AW! I'M HUNGRY..
BUT THIS IS AS GOOD AS ANY FOOD, FOR MY APPETITE!
LAY-OFF MUG! WHERE WE COME FROM LADIES ARE TREATED PROPERLY!
CAPTURE HER... AND THOSE GRINGO DOGS GET THEM TOO!
THIS WAY! COME BRAVE STRANGERS TO THE LAKE!
LET'S GO BOYS!
THERE THEY GO INTO THAT BOAT! QUICK AFTER THEM!
THAT'S THE ONLY BOAT... AND THEY ARE GETTING AWAY
...AND MIRACULOUSLY THE QUARTET GETS AWAY...
YOU'RE SAFE NOW, SENORITA BUT WHY DID YOU INSULT THE MEMORY OF PRESIDENT ALVAREZ!
I DIDD NOSSING OF THE SORT! IT WAS FORZO I MEAN TO ACCUSE...

Companions THREE
AGAIN THIS TRIO OF TROUBLE-HUNTERS SWINGS INTO ACTION, THIS TIME BELOW THE EQUATOR IN THE LATIN-AMERICAN CITY OF CASTILLO . HELPING GOOD NEIGHBORS, CRUSHING BAD HOMBRES COMPANIONS THREE SOLVE THE GRIM SECRET OF....
THE VAULTS OF VILLA CASTILLO!
...AND IN THE SHORT DISTANCE
I, FRANCO FORZO, YOUR NEW PRESIDENT, HERE DO HOMAGE TO THE MEMORY OF MY PRE-DECESSOR, THE ILLUSTRIOUS AND KINDLY PRESIDENT ALVAREZ, WHO DIED SO UNTIMELY A DEATH!
BRAVO!
ITS A LIE! HE IS A CHEAT AND A PEEG!
...BUT AMONG THE CHEERS RINGS OUT ONE VOICE OF ACCUSATION..
JUST OFF A TRAMP STEAMER, OUR THREE PALS STROLL THROUGH A COLORFUL TROPIC TOWN
SO THIS IS CASTILLO! HI-YA, BABY?
I'M HUNGRY! THE THOUGHT OF FOOD IS OF TREMENDOUS INTEREST TO ME!
FORGET FOOD! ...SOMETHINGS DOING OVER THERE!

aloud from his report, "we take pleasure in announcing that the mystery of the series of holdups and robberies is ended—"

"Pardon, Marshal," spoke up Cole Wilson, "make that, 'half ended.' Didn't the Hunker have a partner?"

"I was his partner," said Bantry savagely. Iterated him square, and he broke his oath of office—"

"I mean, a partner in his robberies," explained Cole. "I've been looking over the reports from men who were robbed—that stage-coach driver who was held up three nights running, the rancher with two thousand dollars cash for the cattle he sold, others."

"They all said the same," declared Bantry. "Broad black hat, bandana mask, overall pants and linen duster."

"Sure, the clothes were always the same. But this Hunker was about [illegible] and forty pounds, six feet nine. And twice the description—big, heavy man." Cole pointed to the statements he had been studying.

"When a gun's pointing at you, its holder looks [illegible] sure," Bantry grumbled.

"How [illegible] Hunker, who had a full time job as a deputy marshal, have enough time to pull so many holdups?" pointed Cole Wilson. "I say he must have had a partner."

The marshal took a new sheet of paper. "I'll put in what you figure about a second man—give you credit for the idea." He did more writing, then folded the entire report into an envelope.

"Thanks. Now, where do I sleep?"

"You can have the little room behind here," Bantry told him. "Got any luggage?"

"Some saddle bags at the Happy Coyote," [illegible] Cole. "I'll step across and get 'em."

A few minutes later he returned with his possessions. The marshal was [illegible] but a rear door stood [illegible]. Cole went to it, struck a match. Inside was a cot, on which he dropped his saddle bags and began to unpack.

"Don't move, Cole," said a voice behind him.

Cole looked around. Bantry covered him with the Colt that had killed Hunker with one shot.

"What's that stuff on the bed?" demanded the marshal.

Cole looked, and saw [illegible] garments he had not noticed before. "A black [illegible] bre-o," he replied. "Linen duster, red bandana. But I didn't take them out of my saddle bag."

"Don't lie," sneered Bantry. "These clothes are the tipoff. You were Hunker's partner. You figured to kill him in the bar, keep all the loot, step into his job—"

"Bantry," interrupted Cole, "you're right. I admit—"

Bantry stopped, his mouth half open. Cole went on. "I've asked a couple of men—that bartender and a friend of his—to step over here and witness my confession. Here they come now. Behind you."

"That trick won't work!" snarled Bantry. But at that moment the two men actually entered. They gazed at the pair questioningly.

"Cole asked us to come and hear the other half of the holdup team talk his way into a trap," said the bartender.

"But—but—" Bantry was stuttering. Cole smiled.

"Find it hard to believe, marshal?" he asked. "After you appointed me to your deputy's place?"

"That's it," muttered Bantry. "It kind of stumps me."

"It should, marshal," agreed the other witness. "Seems like you can't trust a man, don't it?"

"Right, friend," returned Cole. "Maybe that's why the marshal is so stumped. Or maybe he can't understand my confessing."

Bantry shook his head wonderingly. "That's right, Cole. I can't. Before I lock you up, tell me why you gave up so easily."

"To put the criminal off balance," said Cole, like a boy reciting a lesson. "In this case, the criminal is—you."

BANTRY FIRED. But Cole, set for such action, flung himself low, like a football tackler. Grabbing Bantry's legs, he threw the marshal heavily. In a flash he had snatched away that deadly Colt.

"He did it, boys," said Cole to the witnesses. "Worked with Hunker at the holdups. When he saw Hunker was caught, he shot him to prevent him from talking. And when I poked too close to the truth, he tried to frame me with that hat and duster and stuff. Try it on him, you'll find it's his own outfit—and fits him exactly."

The bartender and his friend jerked Bantry to his feet and tried the clothes on him. They fit. It was perfect.

"Now it's your turn to confess," Cole said. The marshal bowed his head.

"All right. Hunker and I did those holdups," he said. "But I don't see how you figured—"

"I didn't, at first, though I wondered why you were so quick to kill the holdup man in the saloon. But I got suspicious at your trying to tell me Hunker had been working alone when the evidence clearly showed he must have had a partner.

"And the minute I saw those clothes on the bed, I knew only you would have had the chance to put 'em there. You were sunk then."

Cole turned to the bartender. "I deputize you. Keep this man prisoner, and see that he stands trial. And be careful who your new marshal is."

"What about you?" the bartender roared. "Won't you take the job?"

Cole Wilson shook his head. "Can't do it," he said. "I'm a Ranger—lent by Texas to your state, to clear up this dirty job and a few others. But maybe I'll be back this way some day, if you ever have another bandit for me to throw off balance."

The End

BANDIT OFF BALANCE

By Juan Lopez

Outlaws Try to Take Their Victims by Surprise—Very Seldom Guarding Against Being Surprised Themselves.

"P[illegible] up your hands!" [illegible] the harsh menace of [illegible] and the light [illegible] two big automatics he'[illegible] every gun of arms in the Happy Coyote Saloon [illegible] roofward—every gun but one. The gunman under [illegible] at the corner table did not so much as [illegible] eyelid.

The robber taken a step further. [illegible] swinging lamp showed [illegible] perfect bank robber's bandana [illegible] disguise completed by duster, gloves and sombrero. His gun turned deadly.

"Yes, there to one side—this is a holdup! Reach or I plug you!"

The young man [illegible] hands. "Go ahead and plug me," he answered [illegible] I was wishing you would.

Some [illegible] barroom gasps [illegible] the bandana mask. The young stranger took a step forward. "I know I have to die," he [illegible], as if pleading. "Why not sooner than later? Westerners are always ready to shoot—"

"I mean what I say!" gritted the masked one. H[illegible] gun drew a bead on the youngster's chest. His finger trembled on the trigger. But the answering grin grew broader.

"I certainly hope so. It'll be a big fa[illegible]"

The gunman hesitated uncertainly. The stranger approached slowly, almost diffidently.

[illegible] the [illegible] I [illegible]

[illegible] did [illegible]

[illegible] was [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] with [illegible] the [illegible] by the [illegible] ap[illegible] The gun dropped [illegible] hands. [illegible]

[illegible] the door. The [illegible] duster and [illegible] middle aged [illegible] eyes and heavy [illegible] mustache. [illegible] He [illegible] the robber.

A [illegible] The [illegible] reward. [illegible] over the [illegible]

"No [illegible] dead!" growled Marshal Bantry [illegible] driving [illegible] Happened to be across the street, and saw [illegible] push [illegible] mask and guns and [illegible] He must be acquainted with [illegible] knowing this was pay night at every [illegible] the tillers and the Happy Coyote the [illegible] saloon. Who's this stranger who grabbed him?"

The young man smiled again. "My name's Cole Wilson," he said. "Just passing through. Looking for a job—"

"Marshal," spoke up the bartender, "he told that gunman he wanted to be killed!"

"[illegible] wanted him off balance," Cole Wilson explained. "Y[illegible] are a robber has to keep pres[illegible] guns, and that was [illegible] easy to tip over. I gave him the talk he least expected [illegible] I wanted him to shoot me. He didn't know what to say or do after that. And with [illegible] off balance, so to speak—"

A [illegible] interrupted him. S[illegible] had peeled the bandana off the dead man, showing a [illegible] face pale [illegible]

"Marshal Bantry! It's H[illegible] deputy!"

Bantry knelt down and [illegible] He looked up with tight [illegible] and blazing eyes.

"I trusted him," he muttered. "Trusted him like my own brother. And he came here to rob—the people he was supposed to protect—"

The bartender poured a drink and offered it. "Take it easy, Marshal. Forget him, he's done for. Your next deputy will be someone you can count on."

"Who?" grumbled Bantry. He sipped at his drink. His eyes looked over the rim of the glass at the young stranger. Then he spoke again. "Listen, Little Wilson, you're a small lad. You say you want a job."

A chorus of protests went up. "Marshal! He's [illegible] hours in town—you don't know anything about him—"

Bantry lifted a heavy hand. "Town ordinances say the marshal can appoint anybody he likes. And I like him. Speak up, Cole. You want to be my deputy?"

Cole grinned. "Sure, Marshal. Glad of the chance."

LATER THAT NIGHT, Marshal Bantry sat in his office across the street from the Happy Coyote. He was writing a report. His new deputy lounged in a corner.

"And so," the Marshall read

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! MUST BE A VOLCANO UNDER HERE! WE'LL SMOTHER TO DEATH! HELP! HELP!
A GIGANTIC CLOUD OF DENSE, BREATH-CHOKING SMOKE HAS THE OUTLAW SPREAD. . . .
WATCH CAREFULLY NOW MEN. THEY'RE COMING OUT FAST. DON'T WANT TO MISS ANY, DO WE?
ANY MAN WHO CALLS OUT A WARNING —GETS A .45 SLUG!
GOOD MORNING JIM WAYNE. JUST IN TIME TO JOIN YOUR BROTHER COYOTES.
WHAT—???
THE DEADLY FEARED WAYNE BOYS AND THEIR GANG ARE AT LAST CAPTURED BY THE NEVER-FAILING BUCK JONES.
AND SO ENDED MY CAREER AS A BANDIT AND ONE OF THE TIGHTEST SQUEEZES I'VE EVER HAD. I'LL BE SEEING ALL YOU BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MASTER COMICS, WITH ANOTHER WALLOPING GOOD STORY—
Buck Jones

YOU ASKED FOR THEM! YOU WANT THEM BACK AGAIN! SO...
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CAPTAIN MARVEL'S SQUADRON OF JUSTICE!
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